



T O
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
S U S A N N A
COUNTESS of EGLINTON.

MADAM,

THE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the *Poets* to finish their designs with chearfulness. But conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious custom amongst them to chuse some honourable shade.

WHEREFORE I beg leave to put my *Pastoral* under your *Ladyship's* protection. If my *Patroness* says, The *Shepherds* speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild,

A 2

I shall

I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the aukward censure of some pretending judges, that condemn before examination.

I AM sure of vast numbers that will croud into your *Ladyship's* opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the *Countess* of EGLINTON, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shines with an uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

IF it were not for offending only your *Ladyship*, here, *Madam*, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your *Ladyship's* character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer; since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

WERE I to begin with your *Ladyship's* honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with numberless great and good patriots, that have dignified

DEDICATION.

v

fied the names of KENNEDY and MONTGOMERY. Be that the care of the herald and historian. It is personable merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every *Lesbiā* must be excepted, whose tongues give liberty to the slaves, which their eyes had made captives. Such may be flattered; but your *Ladyship* justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect: for whilst you are possess'd of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your *Ladyship's* mind, command devotion.

ALL this is very true, cries one of better sense than good-nature: but what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and feel his influence?---Very true; but I have the liberty to use the poet's privilege, which is, *To speak what every body thinks*. Indeed there might be some strength in the reflection, if the *Idalian* registers were of as short duration as life: but the *Bard*,
A 3
who

who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praise-worthy pleasure, in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished characters.---I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear: but if I shall prove so happy as to please your *Ladyship* in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning-vapour; I shall hope to be classed with *Tasso* and *Guarini*, and sing with *Ovid*,

*If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,
One half of round eternity is mine.*

M A D A M,

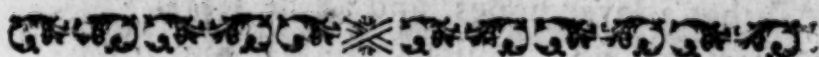
Your Ladyship's

most obedient, and

most devoted servant,

A L L A N R A M S A Y.





T O T H E
C O U N T E S S O F E G L I N T O N,

With the Following

P A S T O R A L.

A CCEPT, O EGLINTON! the rural lays,
That, bound to thee; thy poet humbly pays:
The muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on *Scotia's* blissful plains,
That oft has sung, her list'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love,
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted, through the verdant meads to stray.
O! come, invoc'd, and pleas'd, with her repair,
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air,
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve
The *Gentle Shepherd's* tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires!

The

The fair shall read of ardors, sighs, and tears,
 All that a lover hopes, and all he fears.
 Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise !
 What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes !
 When first the fair one, piteous of his fate,
 Kind of her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate,
 With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
 And blushing, beauteous, smiles the kind consent !
 Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,
 In CHARLOT's smile, or in MARIA's frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
 Love courted beauty in a golden age ;
 Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd.
 Ere yet the fair affected phrase desir'd.
 His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
 His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.
 He speaks his loves so artless and sincere,
 As thy ELIZA might be pleas'd to hear.

Heaven only to the *rural state* bestows
 Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes ;
 Secure alike from envy and from care ;
 Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear :
 Nor want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
 Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
 No secret guilt its stedfast peace destroys,
 No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
 Blest still to spend the hours that Heav'n has lent,
 In humble goodness, and in calm content.

Serenely

Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
 Sinless and pure, in fair HUMBIA's soul.

But now the *rural state* these joys has lost ;
 Even swains no more that innocence can boast.
 Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
 Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
 Now happiness forsakes her blest'd retreat,
 The peaceful dwelling where fix'd her seat ;
 The pleasant fields she wont of old to grace,
 Companion to an upright sober race ;
 When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,
 Free and familiar with the sons of men,
 To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast.
 She, uninvited, came a welcome guest.
 Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
 Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts :
 Then grudging hate, and sinful pride succeed,
 Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed ;
 Then dow'rlless beauty lost the power to move ;
 The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of love.
 Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,
 The genial hearth first blush'd with stranger's blood :
 The friend no more upon the friend relies,
 And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise,
 The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms,
 The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms :
 The voice of impious mirth is heard around :
 In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd :
 Unpunish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
 And *Happiness* forsakes the guilty swains

Oh

Oh *Happiness*! from human search retir'd,
 Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd?
 Nun sober and devout! why art thou fled,
 To hide in shades thy meek contented head?
 Virgin of aspect mild! ah, why unkind,
 Fly'st thou displeas'd the commerce of mankind?
 O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
 Where, with thy fire *Content*, thou lov'st to dwell.
 Or say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait
 Familiar at the chambers of the great?
 Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
 To noisy revel, or to midnight-ball?
 Or the full banquet when we feast our soul,
 Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl!
 Or, with, th' industrious planter, dost thou talk,
 Conversing freely in an evening-walk?
 Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
 Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold?
 Seeks *Knowledge*, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r
 Still musing silent at the morning-hour?
 May we thy presence hope in war's alarm
 In *STAIR*'s wisdom, or in *ERSKINE*'s charms.

In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile,
 The flying good eludes the searchers toil:
 In vain we seek the city or the cell,
 Alone with virtue knows the power to dwell.
 Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
 The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.
 Soon, soon, we might the precious blessing boast;
 But many passions must the blessing cost;

Infernal

Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
 And envy, grieving at another's state.
 Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
 Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.
 When these are in the human body nurst,
 Can peace reside in dwelling so accurst?
 Unlike, O EGLINTON! thy happy breast,
 Calm and serene, enjoys the heav'nly guest;
 From the tumultuous rule of passions freed
 Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.
 In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,
 Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;
 Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,
 How swift to praise, how guiltless to defame?
 Bold in thy presence *bashfulness* appears,
 And backward *merit* loses all its fears
 Supremely blest by Heav'n, Heaven's richest grace,
 Confess'd is thine, and early blooming race.
 Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm,
 Divine instruction! taught of thee to charm.
 What transports shall they to thy soul impart?
 (The conscious transports of a parent's heart),
 When thou behold'st them of each grace possess'd,
 And sighing youths imploring to be blest?
 After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
 Or in the visit, or the dance to shine.
 Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise,
 The lovely EGLINTON's of other days.

Mean while peruse the following tender scenes,
 And listen to thy native poet's strains;

In

In ancient garb the home-bred muse appears
 The garb our muses wore in former years ;
 As in a glass reflected, here behold
 How smiling goodness look'd in days of old
 Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
 Or virtuous love the likeness of thy own ;
 While 'midst the various gifts that gracious Heaven,
 To thee, in whom it is well pleas'd, has given,
 Let this, O EGLINTON ! delight thee most,
 T' enjoy that *innocence* the world has lost,

W. H.

PAUL

PATIE and ROGER;

PASTORAL.

Inscribed to

JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq;

SECRETARY of the ADMIRALTY.

THE nipping frosts, and driving sna,
Are o'er the hills and far awa;
Bauld *Boreas* sleeps, the *Zephyrs* blaw
And ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfu, gay and bra,
Invites to sing.

Then let's begin by creek of day,
Kind muse skiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay,
With a' thy speed,
Since *Burchet* awns that thou can play
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again, beneath some tree,
Exert thy skill and nat'ral glee,

B

To

To him wha has sae courteously,
 To weaker fight,
 Set these rude sonnets sung by me 12
 In truest light.

In truest light may a' that's fine
 In his fair character still shine,
 Sma' need he has of sangs like mine,
 To beet his name ;
 For frae the north to southern line 16
 Wide gangs his fame.

His fame, which ever shall abide,
 While hist'ries tell of tyrants pride,
 Wha vainly strave upon the tide
 T' invade these lands,
 Where *Briton's* royal fleet doth ride, 20
 Which still commands.

These doughty actions frae his pen,
 Our age, and these to come, shall ken,
 How stubborn navies did contend
 Upon the waves,
 How free-born *Britons* faught like men, 24
 Their faes like slaves.

Sae

11. *To weaker fight, set these, &c.*) having done me the honour of turning some of my pastoral poems into English justly and elegantly.

at. *Frae his pen*) his valuable naval history.

DEDICATION.

15

Sae far inscribing, Sir, to you,
This country sang, my fancy flew,
Keen your just merit to pursue;

But ah! I fear,

In giving praises that are due,

28

I grate your ear.

Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r;
May powers aboon, with kindly care,
Grant you a lang and muckle skair

Of a' that's good,

Till, unto longest life and mair,

32

You've healthfu' flood.

May never care your blessings fowr,
And may the muses ilka hour

Improve your mind, and haunt your bow'r:

I'm but a callan;

Yet may I please you, while I'm your

36

DEVOTED ALLAN.

B 2.

24

Sae

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h justly

T H E P E R S O N S.

M E N.

Sir William Worthy.

Patie, *The Gentle Shepherd*, in love with Peggy.

Roger, *A rich young Shepherd*, in love with Jenny.

Symon, } *Two old Shepherds, tenants to Sir William.*
Glaud, }

Bauldy, *A hynd engaged with Neps.*

W O M E N.

Peggy, *Thought to be Glaud's niece.*

Jenny, *Glaud's only daughter.*

Mause, *An old woman supposed to be a witch.*

Elspa, *Symon's wife.*

Madge, *Glaud's sister.*

SCENE, *A Shepherd's village and fields, some
few miles from Edinburgh.*

Time of action, *Within twenty hours.*



T H E
GENTLE SHEPHERD,

A
S C O T S
P A S T O R A L C O M E D Y.

A C T I.
S C E N E I.

*Beneath the south side of a craigy bield,
Where ehrystal springs their hale some waters yield,
Twa yonthfu' shepherds on the gowans ly,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echses ring;
And blither Patie likes to laugh and sing.*

B 3

PATIE

18 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

PATIE and ROGER.

PATIE.

SANG I. *The wawking of the faulds.*



M^r Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May.
Fair as the day, and always gay,

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

*My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very guld,
Yet I well like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy speaks sae sweet'y,
When'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care;
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare,
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld:
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wawking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
When'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down npon a crown,
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blith and bauld;
And naithing gies me sic delight
As wawking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest that she sings best,
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
With innocence, the wale of sense,
At wawking of the fauld.*

This

Pat. **T**His sunny morning, Roger, cheers my
blood,

And puts all nature in a jovial mood.

How hartsome is't to see the rising plants?

To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants?

How halefome is't to snuff the cawler air,

And a' the sweets it bears, when void of care?

What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?

Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

Rog. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate!

I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad and great.

Temp-sts may cease to jaw the rowand flood,

Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins blood;

But I opprest with never-ending grief,

Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Pat. The bees shall lothe the flow'r, and quit
the hive,

The faughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,

Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of wardly gear,

Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Rog. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whase faul's fae sadly out of tune.

You have sae fast a voice, and slid a tongue,

You are the darling of baith auld and young.

If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,

They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek;

And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,

While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought.

Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,

Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.

For ilka sheep ye ha'e, I'll number ten,

And should, as ane may think, come farer ben-

Patie

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 21

Pat. But ablins, nibour, ye have not a heart,
And downie eithly wi' your cunzie part.
If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Ro. My byar tumbl'd, ninebra'nout were smoor'd
Three elf-skot were; yet I these ills endur'd:
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

Pat. Were your bein rooms as thinly flock'd as
Less you wad loss, and less you wad repine. (mine
He that has just enough can soundly sleep;
The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep.

Rog. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss.
O may'st thou dote on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lowt thy lowan drouth to quench,
Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I sauld them ilka clut,
At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plume-tree made, wi' iv'ry virls round
A dainty whistle with a pleasant sound,
I'll be more canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you, wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool.

Rog. Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some other things lies heavier at my breast
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night;
That gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

Pat. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your secrets ken?

Daft

Pat.

22 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
Take courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursell.

Rog. Indeed now, Patie, you have guess'
o'er true,

And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you ;
Me dorty Jenny looks upon a-squint,
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd and unco blate.
But yesterday I met her 'yont a know,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow ;
She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car ;
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

Pat. But Bauldy loes not her, right well I wat
He sighs for Neps:—fae that may stand for that

Rog. I wish I coud'na loe her:—but in vain ;
I still maun do't, and thole her proud disdain.
My bauty is a cur I dearly like ; (tike
E'en while he fawn'd, she strake the poor dumb
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad ha'e shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldrie scorn.
Last night I play'd, (ye never heard sic spite),
O'er bogie was the spring, and her delight ;
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd and sneer'd
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Pat.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 23

Pat. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck,
 bebiens she be sic a thrawu gabbit chuck?

onder's a craig, since ye have tint a' hope,
 ae till't your ways, and tak the lover's lowp.

Rog. I need na mak sic speed my blood to spill,
 I warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Pat. Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whinging
 way:

em-careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.

ear how I serv'd my las I loo as weel

s ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leel.

ast morning I was gay and early out,

pon a dike I lean'd, glowring about;

saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee,

saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me:

or yet the sun was wading through the mist,

nd she was close upon me ere she wist.

er coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw

er straight bare legs that whyter were than snaw,

er cockernony snooded up fou sleek;

er haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;

er cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae clear;

nd O! her mouth's like ony hinny-pear.

eat, neat she was, in buisine waistcoat clean,

s she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.

ythsome, I cried, my bonny Meg, come here;

erly wherefor ye're sae soon astear:

ut I can guess your gawn to gather dew.

he scour'd awa', and said, What's that to you?

hen fare ye well, Meg Dorts, and eens ye like,

careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dike.

I trow,

24 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She came wi' a right thieveless errand back;
 Misca'd me first,—then bad me hound my dog,
 To wear up three waff ews stray'd on the bog.
 I leugh, and sae did she; then with great haste
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist;
 About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very faul came louping to my lips.
 Sair, fair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack;
 But weel I kend she meant na as she spak.
 Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ye sae too, and ne'er fash your thumb:
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

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THE GENTLE SHEPHERD 25

S A N G II.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.



Dear Røger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindness wi' a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
 For women in a man delight :
 But them despise who're soon defeat,
 And wi' a simple face give way
 To a repulse—then be not blate,
 Pusb baldly on, and win the day.
 When maidens, innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean,
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the langnage of their een :
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer a' your love with hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

C

Rog.

26 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Rog. Kind Patie, now fair fa your honest heart,
Ye're ay fae cadgy, and ha'e sic an art
To hearten ane: for now, as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me, since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll make ye a propine,
(My mother, rest her faul! she made it fine)
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawstock woo
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blew,
Wi' spraings like goud and siller, cross'd wi'
I never had it yet upon my back. (black)

Weel are ye wordy o't wha ha'e fae kind.
Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Pat. Weel, hald ye there:—and since ye've
frankly made

A present to me of your braw new plaid,
My flute's be your's; and she too that's fae nice
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Rog. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring,
For I'm in tist to hear you play and sing.

Pat. But first we'll tak a turn up to the heigh
And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right;
Be that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese,
Will mak a breakfast that a laird might please
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they fae w
'To season meat wi' health, instead of spice.
When we h'ae ta'n the grace-drink at this well
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like myself.

[Exit

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*A flowrie howm between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claihts :
A trotting burnie whimpling thro' the ground,
Its channel pebbles shining smooth and round :
Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear ;
First please your eye, next gratify your ear ;
While JENNY what she wishes discommends,
And MEG, with better sense, true love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

Je C Ome, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this
green,

This shining day will bleach our linen clean ;
The water's clear, the lift unclouded blew,
Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.

Peg. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's how,
Where a' the sweets of spring and simmer grow,
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's, and maks a singand din ;
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glafs,
Kisses wi' easy whirls the bord'ring grafs ;
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash oursell's.—It's healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Jen. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us sae ? That jeering fallow Pate
Wad tanting say, Haith, lasses, ye're no blate.

C 2

Peg.

28 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Peg. We're far frae ony road, and out of sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane),
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain;
'The nibours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger looes ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jen. I dinna like him. Peggy, there's an end;
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend;
He kaims his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
Wi' ribbon knots at his blew bonnet-lug,
Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-jee,
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee;
He falds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair;
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, *How d'ye?*—or, *There's a bonny day.*

Peg. Ye dafh the lad wi' constant slighting pride
Hatred for love is unco fair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld;
What like's a dorty maiden, when she's auld?
Like dauted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
That for some feckless whim will orp and greet:
The lave laugh at it till the dinner's past,
And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or scart anither's leavings at the last.

S A N G

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 29

S A N G III.

Polwart on the green.



The darty will repent,
 If lover's heart grow cauld,
 And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld.
 The dauted bairn thus taks the pet,
 Nor eats, tho' hunger crave;
 Thimpers and tarrows at its meat,
 And's laught at by the lave:
 They jest it till the dinner's past;
 Thus, by itself abus'd,
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.

30 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Fy ! Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

Jen. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peg. Nor I ;—but love in whispers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jen. If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell,
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;
The chieils may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peg. Be doing your ways; for me I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jen. Heh lafs ! how can ye loo that rattle-skull?
A very de'il, that ay maun ha'e his will.
We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife

S A N G

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Run
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THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 31

S A N G IV.

O dear mother, what shall I do?



*O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you.
Lasses, when their fancy's carried;
Think of nought but to be married,
Running to a life destroys
Hartsome, free, and youths' joys.*

32 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Peg. I'll rin the risk; nor ha'e I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
'Till I wi' pleasure mount my bridal bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
There we may kifs as long as kissing's good,
And what we do there's nane dare ca' it rude.
He's get his will: why no? It's good my part
To gi'e him that, and he'll gi'e me his heart.

Jen. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Mak meikle o'ye, wi' an unco fraise,
And daut you baith afore fowk, and your lane:
But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb,- and a' the neist he'll flyte;
And may be, in his barlikhoods, ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundring lick.

Peg. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want
pith to move

My settled mind, I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him, I dread no other skaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing e'en:
And then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like music through my heart
How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at feckless fears that fright the leave!

ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
 He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
 He is——but what need I say that or this?
 I'd spend a month to tell ye what he is!
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
 The rest seem coofs, compar'd wi' my dear Pate.
 His better sense will lang his love secure:
 All-nature hefts in fauls that's weak and poor.
Jen. Hey, bonny lass of Branksome! or't be lang,
 Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
 O! it's a pleasant thing to be a bride;
 Syne winging gets about your ingle-side,
 Yelping for this or that wi' fasheous din:
 To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itself wi' broe;
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe;
 The deel gaes o'er Jock Wabster, hame grows hell,
 When Pate misca's ye war than tongue can tell.

PEGGY.

34 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

PEGGY.

SANG V.

How can I be sad on my wedding-day?



*How shall I be sad when a husband I hâve,
That has better sense than any of thae
Sour weak silly fallows, that study, like scols,
To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.*

Yes,

Yes, its a hartsome thing to be a wife.

When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rise
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall ha'e delight,
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at, —— their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kifs?

Can there be toil in tenting day and night,
The like of them, when love maks care delight?

Jen. But poortith, Peggy is the warst of a';
Gif o'er your heads ill chance should beggary draw
But little love or canty chear can come,
Frae duddy doublets, and a poñtry toom.

Your nowt may die; —— the spate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your denty rucks of hay. —
The thick blawn wreaths of snaw, or blasby thow
May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ewes.
A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheese,
But or the day of payment, breaks and flees:
Wi' glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent;
It's not to gie; your merchant's to the bent;
His honour mauna want, he poinds your gear;
Syne, driv'n frae house and hald, where will ye steer
Dear Meg, be wife, and live a single life;
Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.

Peg. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fowke bode well, and strive to do their best;
Nae mair's requir'd; let Heav'n mak out the rest.

I've

36 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads shou'd a' for wives that's virtuous;
 For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A weel stor'd room, unless his wife wad let.
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
 And win the vogue at market, trone, or fair,
 For halefome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
 A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
 Shall first be fald, to pay the laird his due;
 Syne a' behind's our ain——Thus without fear,
 Wi' love and rowth we thro' the world will steer.
 And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
 He'll blest the day he gat me for his wife.

Jen. But what if some young giglet on the green
 Wi' dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
 Shou'd gar our Patie think his half worn Meg,
 And her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg?

Peg. Nae mair of that—Dear Jenny to be free
 There's some men constanter in love than we.
 Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
 Has blest them wi' solidity of mind.
 They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile.
 Sae whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame
 It's ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.
 Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
 To keep him chearf', and secure his heart.

At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will.

In winter, when he toils throw wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane :
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pat's be ready to tak aff :

Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him wi' the best we can afford,
Good humour, and white bigonetts shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me,

Jen. A dish of married love right soon grows
cauld,

And dozens down to nane, as fowk grows auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns, and their bairns, mak sure a firmer tye
Than ought in love the like of us can spy.

See yon twa elms that grow up side by side ;
Suppose them, some years syne, bridegroom and
bride ;

Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
And in their mixture now are fully blest. }

This shields the other frae the castlen blast,
That, in return, defends it frae the wast.

Sic as stand single,—(a state fae lik'd by you) !
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airth, maun bow.

Jen. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield ;
Your better sense has fairly win the field,
With the assistance of a little fae,
Lyes darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

D SANG

38 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

S A N G VI.

Nansy's to the green-wood gane.



*I yield, dear lassie, you have won :
 And their is nae denying,
 That sure as light flows frae the sun,
 Frae love proceeds complying.
 For a' that we can do or say,
 'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us :
 They ken our bosoms lodge the sae
 That by the heart-strings leads us.*

*Peg. Alake ! poor pris'ner !—Jenny that's nae
 That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air : (fair,
 Haste, let him out ; we'll tent as well's we can,
 Gif he be Bauldy's, or poor Roger's man.*

Jen

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 39

Jen. Anither time's as good;—for see the sun
Is right far up, and we're not yet begun
To freath the graith;—if canker'd Madge our aunt
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant.
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this seems true,—nae lafs can be unkind.

Exeunt.

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*A snug thack-house, before the door a green;
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre;
A peet-stack joins, and forms a rural square.
The house is Glaud's:—there you may see him lean,
And to his divot-seat invite his friend.*

G L A U D and S Y M O N.

G L A U D.

G O O D-morrow, nibour Symon,—come sit
down,
and gie's your cracks.—What's a the news in
town?

They tell me ye was in the ither day,
and fald your crummock, and her bassen'd quey.

D 2

I'll

40 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

I'll warrant ye've cost a pund of cut and dry;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Sym. Wi' a' my heart;—and tent me now auld
boy,

I've gather'd news will kittle yout mind wi' joy.
I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell you things hae taken sik a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

Gla. Fy, blaw! ah! Symie, ratling chiels ne'er
stand

To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff-hand,
Whilk soon flies round, like will-o'-the-wisp, far and near:
But loose your poke, be't true or false, let's hear.

Sym. See'ing's believing, Glaud, and I ha'e seen
Hab, that abroad has with our master been;
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
And lest a fair estate to save his head:
Because ye ken fou well he bravely chose
To stand his liege's friend wi' great Montrose.
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk
Has play'd the Rump, a right flee begunk,
Restor'd King CHARLES, and ilka things in tune:
And Habby says, We'll see Sir William soon.

S A N C

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 41

S A N G VII.

Could kail in Aberdeen.



*Could be the rebels cast,
Oppressors base and bloody
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a woody.
Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high in station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king, and nation.*

Gla. That makes me blyth indeed ;—but dinna
flaw,

Tell o'er your news again ! and fwear til't a' ;
And saw ye Hab ! and what did Halbert say ?
They ha'e been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame,
And his estate, say, can he eithly claim ?

Sym. They that hag-raid us till our guts did
grane,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again ;
And good Sir William fall enjoy his ain,

42 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Gla. And may he lang; for never did he stent
Us in our thriving wi' a racket rent:

Nor grumbl'd if ane grew rich; or shor'd to raise
Our mailens when we pat on Sunday's claihs,

Sym. Nor wad he lang, with senseless faucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

"Put on your bonnet, Symon;—tak a feat.—

"How's a' at hame?—How's Elspa, how does
Kate?

"How fells black cattle?—what gie's woo this
year?

And sic like kindly questions wad he speer.

S A N G

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THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

43

S A N G VIII.

Mucking of Geordy's byre.



he laird wha in riches and honour
 Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
 for rack his poor tenants who labour
 To rise aboon poverty;

Else

44 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

*Else like the packet-horse that's unfather'd
And burden'd, will tumble down faint :
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.*

Gla. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedde
The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's een rais'd, dear nighbour, will ye sta
And tak your dinner here wi' me the day ?
We'll send for Elspa too——and upo' sight
I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the hight :
I'll yoke my sled, and send to the niest town,
And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brow
And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
Drink til they tine the gate to stand their land

Sym. I widna bauk my friend his blyth desig
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine :
For heer yestreen I brow'd a bow of maut,
Yestreen I flew twa wathers, prime and fat :
A firlof of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
And a large ham hings reestling in the nook :
I saw mysell, or I came o'er the loan,
Or meikle pat that scads the whey put on,
A mutton-bouk to boil :—and aye we'll roast
And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost ;
Sma' are they shorn, and she can mix fu' nice
The gusty ingans wi' a curn of spice ;

What are the puddings,—heads and feet weell sung.
And we've invited neighbours auld and young,
To pass this afternoon wi' glee and game,
And drink our master's health and welcome-hame.

Ye mauna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.

Bring wi' ye a' your family, and then,
Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Gla. Speke like ye'rsell, auld birky; never fear.
But at your banquet I shall first appear.

Faith, we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld;
Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.

Auld, said I! troth, I'm younger be a score,

Wi' your good news, than what I was before.

I'll dance or e'en! Hey! Madge, come forth: d'ye
hear?

Enter M A D G E.

Mad. The man's gane gyte! Dear Symon, wel-
come here.

What wad ye, Glaud, wi' a' this haste and din?
Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Gla. Spin! snuff—Gae break your wheel, and
burn your tow,

And set the meiklest peat-stack in a low;

Ye dance about the bane-fire till ye die,

Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Mad. Blyth news indeed! And wha was't tald
you o't!

Gla.

46 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Gla. What's that to you!—Gae get my Sunday
Wale out the whitest of my bobbit bands, (coat)
My white skin hose, and mittons for my hands
Then frae their washin cry the bairns in haste,
And make ye'rsells as trig, head, feet and waist
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
For we're gaun o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen.

Sym. Do, honest Madge:—and Glaud, I'll o'er the
And see that a' be done as I wad hae't. (gate)

Exit

S C E N E II.

*The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunuy end——
At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
With falded arms, and haff-rais'd looks, ye see*

B A U L D Y his lane.

WHat's this! I canna bear't! it's war than he
To be sae brunt wi' love, and yet darna te
O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens, or new-maun hay
Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the know
Straghter than ought that in the forest grows:
Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines;
The lily in her breast its beauty tines.
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, here
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
For Pate loes her,—wae's me! and she loes Pate
And I wi' Neps, by some unlucky fate,

Mad

I made a daft vow:—O but ane be a beast
 That maks rash aiths till he's afore the priest!
 I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
 But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
 It's fair to thole;—I'll try some witchcraft art,
 To break wi' ane, and win the other's heart.
 Here Maufy lives, a witch, that for sma' price
 Can cast her cantrips, and gi'e me advice.
 She can o'ercaft the night, and cloud the moon,
 And mak the deils obedient to her crune.
 At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yards she raves,
 And howks unchristen'd weans out of their graves;
 Hills up their livers in a warlock's pow,
 And wither shins about the hemlock low;
 And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
 Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps of Lapland clay,
 Next wi' the venom of black tairs and snakes;
 With this unfonsy pictures aft she makes
 Whony ane she hates;—and gars expire
 A' slaw and raking pains afore a fire:
 Black fu' wi' prins, the devilish pictures melt;
 The pain, by fouk they represent, is felt.
 And yonder Maufe; ay, ay, she kens fu' well,
 When ane like me comes running to the deil.
 She and her cat sit beeking in her yard;
 I speak my errand, faith amais I'm fear'd;
 But I maun do't, though I should never thrive;
 They gallop fast, that deils and lasses drive.

Exit.

SCENE

48 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

SCENE III.

*A green kail-yard, a little fount,
Where water popland springs;
There sits a wife with wrinkle front,
And yet she spins and sings.*

M A U S E.

S A N G IX.

Carle, an' the king come.



*Peggy, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come;
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the king's come.*

*Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the King's come.*

Enter B A U L D Y.

Baul. **H**OW does auld honest lucky of the glen;
Ye look baith hale and fere at three-
score ten.

Mau. E'en twining out a threed wi' little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead?—to thresh nae corn?

Baul. Enough of baith:—but something that
requires

Your helping hand employs now a' my cares.

Mau. My helping hand, alake, what can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

Baul. Ay, But ye're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

Mau. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm posselt,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

Baul. The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I shou'd tell. (and fell,

Mau. What fouk say of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep neathing up, ye neathing hae to fear.

Baul. Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilka ane talks about ye, but a flaw.

Then last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn;
Then last the burn bore down my mother's yarn;

E

When

50 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
 When Tibby kirk'd and there nae butter came;
 When Bessy Freetock's chuffy cheeked wean
 To a fairy turn'd, and cou'd' na stand its lane;
 When Watie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
 And tint himself amais't amang the snaw;
 When Mungo's mare stood still, and swat wi' fright
 When he brought east the houdy under night;
 When bawfy shot to dead upon the green,
 And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen:
 You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
 And ilk ane here dreads ye round about:
 And fae they may that mint to do ye skaith:
 For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
 But when I neist mak groats, I'll strive to please
 You wi' furlot of them, mixt wi' pease.

Mau. I thank ye, lad.---Now tell me your demand
 And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Baul. Then, I like Peggy.--Neps is fond of me
 Peggy likes Pate,—and Pate is bauld and slee,
 And loes sweet Meg.--but Neps I downa see.--
 Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then
 Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man.

Mau. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right:
 Sae gang your ways and come again at night:
 'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
 Worth a' your pease and groats; tak ye nae care.

Baul. Well, Maufe, I'll come, gif I the road can find
 But if ye raise the de'il, he'll raise the wind;

Syn

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 51

Syne rain and thunder, may be, when it's late,
Will mak the night fae mirk, I'll tine the gate.
We're a' to rant at Symie's at a feast,
O! will ye come like badrans, for a jest;
And there ye can our different 'haviours spy:
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Mau. It's like I may;—but let na on what's past
Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

Baul. If I ought o' your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

Exit Bauldy.

MAUSE her lane.

Hard luck, alake! when poverty and eild
Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely beild,
Wi' a sma' cast of wiles, should in a twitch,
Gi'e an the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*
This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Nic;
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought.
Their gros mistake shall quickly now appear;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me
here;

Nane kens but me;—and, if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

Exit.

E 2

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

*Behind a tree, upon the plain,
 PATE and his PEGGY meet ;
 In love, without a vicious stain,
 The bonny lass and chearfu' swain
 Change vows and kisses sweet.*

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peg. **O** Patie, let me gang, I mauna stay
 We're baith cryed hame, and Jenny
 she's away.

Pat. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
 And Roger he's awa wi' Jenny gane :

They're as content, for ought I hear or see,
 To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.

Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
 Hard by this little burnie let us lean.

Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads !
 How fast the westlin winds fough thro' the reeds !

Peg. The scented meadows,—birds,—and heal-
 thy breeze,

For ought I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

Pat. Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind,
 In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind :

Gif I cou'd fancy ought sae sweet or fair

As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.

Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier ;

Thy cheeks and breast the finest flowers appear.

Thy

Thy words excell the maist delightfu' notes
 That warble through the merl of mavis' throats.
 Wi' thee I tent nae flou'r's that busk the field,
 Or ripest berries that our mountains yield.
 The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,
 Are far inferior to a kifs of thee.

Peg. But Patrick, for some wicked erld, may fleech
 And lambs shou'd tremble when the foxes preach.
 I darna stay,—ye joker let me gang,
 Anither lafs may gar ye change your sang;
 Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang. }

Pat. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
 And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap;
 The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
 The gaits to clim,—the sheep to yield the fleece,
 Ere ought by me be either said or done
 Shall skaith our love;—I swear by a' aboon.

Peg. Then keep your aith.—But mony lads will
 swear,

And be mansworn to twa in haff a year:
 Now I believe ye like me wonder well;
 But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal,
 Your Meg forsaken, bootless might relate,
 How she was dauted anes by faithless Pate.

Pat. I'm sure I canna change; ye need na fear;
 Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year.
 I mind it well, when thou cou'd'st hardly gang,
 Or lisp out words I choos'd you frae the thrang
 Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand
 Aft to the Tansy-know, or Rashy-strand.

54 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Thou smiling by my side, — I took delite
To pou the rashes green, wi' roots fae white :
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood,

Peg. When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the
hill,

And I to milk the ews first try'd my skill ;
To bear a leglen was na toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met with thee

Pat. When corns grew yellow, and the hea-
ther bells

Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubled me,
Gif I could find blae-berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run or putt the
stane,

And wan the day, my heart was flightering faine
At all these sports thou still gave joy to me ;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

Pat. Jenny sings fast the *Broom of Cowden knows*,
And Rosie lilt the *Milking of the ewes* ;
There's nane like Nansie, *Jenny Nettles* sings ;
At turns in *Maggy Lauder*, Marion sings :
But when my Peggy sings with sweeter skill,
The *Boatman*, or the *Lass of Patie's Mill*,
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me ;
Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

Peg. How eith can lasses trow what they desire!
And roos'd by them we love, blaws up that fire
But wha loves best, let time and carriage try ;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
Be still as now, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 55.

The foregoing, with a small variation, was sung at the acting as follows.

S A N G X.

The yellow-hair'd ladie.



*When first my dear ladie gade to the green bill,
And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd wi' thee.*

P A T R I E.

56 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

PATIE.

*When corn-rigs waw'd yellow, and blue heather-bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorlands, and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or brackens gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right-ripen'd for thee.*

PEGGY.

*When thou ran, or wrestled, or putt'd the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain :
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me ;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.*

PATIE.

*Our Jenny sings fastly the Cowden-broom-knows,
And Rosie lilts sweetly the Milking the ews ;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nansy can sing ;
At Throw-the-wood-ladie, Bess gars our lugs ring :
But when my dear Peggy sings wi' better skill,
The Boat-man, Tweed-side, or the Lads of the mill,
It's many time sweeter and pleasant to me ;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.*

PEGGY.

*How easy can lasses trow what they desire !
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire :
Gie me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
To make myself better, and sweeter for thee.*

*Pat Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave ;
At naught they'll ferly,—senseless tales believe ;
Be blyth for silly heghts, for trifles grieve :——*

Sig

Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how,
 Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true.
 But thou, in better sense, without a flaw,
 As in thy beauty far excells them a'.
 Continue kind, and a' my care shall be
 How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed.—But hearken! yon's auld aun-
 ty's cry;
 I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

Pat. And let them ferly.—Now, a kindly kiss,
 Or fivescours good-anes wad na be amiss;
 And syne we'll sing the sang wi' tunefu' glee,
 That I made up last owk on you and me

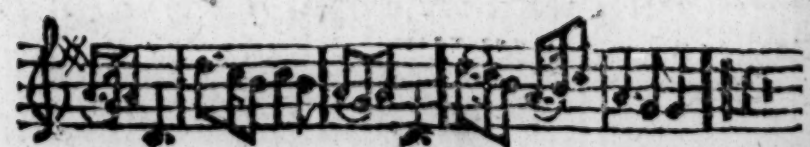
Peg. Sing first, syne claim your hire.——

Pat.——— Well, I agree.

S A N G

58 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

S A N G XI.



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THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 59

PATIE sings.

*By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowing eyes that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that, as well as I,
You're made for love; and why should you deny?*

PEGGY sings.

*But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.*

PATIE sings.

*But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine; and sae may ye.
Red-cheeked you com, letely ripe appear,
And I ha'e tho'd and woo'd a lang haff-year.*

PEGGY singing, falls into Patie's arms.

*Then dinna pu me; gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a'.
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.*

PATIE (with his left hand about her waist.)

*O charming arms! hence ye cares away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day;
At night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.*

Sung by both.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise,*

O lass

60 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

*O last your steeds post time away,
And haste about our bridal day!
And if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

*Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
And tent a man whose beard seems bleach'd wi' time;
And elwand fills his hand, his habit mean;
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.
But whisht! it is the knight in masquerade,
That comes hid in this clud to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves
Through his auld av'news, anes delightfu' groves.*

Sir WILLIAM solus.

THE gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space unknown, delight mine eyes
With a full view of every fertile plain,
Which once I lost,—which now are mine again.
Yet 'midst my joys, some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seats in ruins view.

Yonder,

Yonder, ah, me! it desolately stands,
 Without a roof; the gates fallen from their bands;
 The casements all broke down; no chimney left;
 The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft:
 My stables and pavilions, broken walls,
 That with each rainy blast decaying falls:
 My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
 With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
 Where, round the figur'd green, and pebble-walks,
 The dewy flowers hung nodding on their stalks:
 But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
 No jaccacinths, or eglantines appear.
 How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
 Where peach and nect'rine branches found a bield,
 And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, delightfu' in the use!
 All round in gaps, the most in rubbish ly,
 And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
 These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my joy
 Forbids all grief,—when I'm to see my boy,
 My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since Heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair:
 Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
 Till we should see what changing times brought
 forth.

Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn
 After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
 With other shepherds, whistling o'er the day.

62 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free:
Remov'd from crowns and courts; how chearfully
A quite contented mortal spends his time,
In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime!

Or sung as follows.

S A N G XII. *Happy Clown.*



*Hid from himself, now, by the dawn,
He starts as fresh as roses blawn;
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn
After his bleeting flocks.*

Healthful,

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 63

*Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whistles out the day;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.*

*Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy, and vile hipocrisy,
Where truth and love with joys agree,
Unfollied with a crime:*

*Unmov'd with what disturbs the Great,
In proping of their pride and state:
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.*

Now, tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my
way

And see what makes yon gamboling to-day:
All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthfu' tenants gayly dance and sing,

Exit.

F 2

S C E N E

SCENE II.

*It's Symon's house, please to step in,
 And vissy't round and round;
 There's naught superfluous to give pain,
 Or costly to be found.
 Yet all is clean: a clear peat-ingle
 Glances amidst the floor;
 The green-horn spoons, beech-lugies mingle
 On skelfs foregainst the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it best,
 Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,
 Snuff, crack, and tak their rest.*

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Gla. **W**E anes were young ourfells.—I like to
 see

The bairns bob round wi' other merrilie.
 Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
 And better looks than his I never bade.
 Amang our lads, he bears the gree awa',
 And tells his tale the cleverest of them a'.

Elsp. Poor man! he's a great comfort to us baith:
 God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.
 He is a bairn, I'll say't, weel worth our care,
 That ga'e us ne'er vexation late or air.

Gla. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mista'en,
 He seems to be wi' Peggy's beauty ta'en,
 And troth my niece is a right dainty wean,

As

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 63

As ye weel ken: a bonnier needna be,
Nor better,—be't she were nae kin to me.

Sym. Ha! Glaud, I doubt that ne'er will be a
match;

My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools mysell.

Gla. What reason can ye have? there's nane,
I'm sure,

Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind.

Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ain birn.

Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gi'e to Peggy that day she's a bride;

By and attour, gif my good luck abide,

Ten lambs at spaining time, as lang's I live,

And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Elsp. Ye offer fair kind Glaud; but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Sym. Or this day eight days likely ye shall learn,
That our denial disna slight his bairn.

Gla. Well, nae mair o't:—come gi'es the o-
ther bend;

We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

Their healths gae round.

Sym. But will ye tell me, Glaud, by some it's said,
Your niece is but a fundling, that was laid

66 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Down at your hallon-side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay?

Gla. That clatteran Madge, my titty, tells sic
flaws,

Whene'er our Meg her canker'd humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. O father! there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen:

He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
'Turns o'er the leaves, and gi'es our brows a look;
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard.

His head is grey, and lang and grey his beard.

Sy. Gae bring him in; we'll hear what he can say:
Nane shall gang hungry by my house to day.

Exit Jenny.

But for his telling fortunes, troth I fear

He kens nae mair of that than my grey mear.

Gla. Spae-men! the truth of a their saws I doubt
For greater liars never ran thereour.

*Returns Jenny, bringing in Sir William; with
them Patie,*

Sym. Ye're welcome, honest carle; here tak a seat

S.Wil. I give ye thanks, goodman; I'll no be blate

Glaud drinks.

Come ty'e, friend:—How far came ye the day?

S.Wil. I pledge ye, nibour;—e'en but little way:

Rousted with eild, a wee piece gate seems lang

Al. 'Twa mile or thee's the maist that I dow gang.

Sym.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 67

Sym. Ye're welcome here to stay a' night wi' me,
And tak sic bed and board as we can gi'e.

S. Wil. That's kind unfought.—Well, gin ye
ha'e a bairn:

That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon, pointing to Patie.

Only that lad;—alake! I ha'e na mae,
Either to mak me joyfu' now, or wae.

S. Wil. Young man, let's see your hand;—what
gars ye sneer?

Pat. Because your skill's but little worth I fear.

S. Wil. Ye cut before the point.—But, billy, bide,
I'll wadger there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Elf. Betouch-us-too!—and weel I wat that's true:
Awa, awa! the deil's o'er girt wi' you.

Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

S. Wil. I'll tell ye mair; if this young lad be spar'd
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elf. A laird!—Hear ye, goodman! what think
ye now?

Sym. I dinna ken: strange auld man! what art
thou!

Fair fa' your heart; it's good to bode of wealth:
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

Patie's

68 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD

Patie's health goes round.

Pat. A laird of twa good whistles, and a kent,
Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,
Is a' my great estate—and like to be,
Sae cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Sym. Whisht, Patie,—let the man look o'er
your hand

Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land.

*Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then
counterfeits falling into a trance, while they
endeavour to lay him right,*

Elf. Preserv's! the man's a warlock, or posselt
Wi' some nae good,—or second sight, at least :
Where is he now? ———

Gla. ——— He's seeing a that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

Elf. Thae second-fighted fowk (His peace be
here!)

See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb.—Wow, can he tell
(Speer at him, soon as he comes to himsell)
How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht, he
heaves

And speaks out broken words, like ane that raves.

Sym. He'll soon grow better;—Elspa, haste
ye, gae,

And fill him up a tafs of usquebae.

Sir WILLIAM starts up, and speaks.

*A knight that for a LYON fought,
Against a herd of bears,*

Wa

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 69

*Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
In which some thousands shares.*

*But now again the LYON rares,
And joy spreads o'er the plain :
The LYON has defeat the bears,
The knight returns again.*

*That knight, in a few days, shall bring
A shepherd frae the fauld,
And shall present him to his king
A subject true and bauld.*

*He Mr PATRICK shall be call'd :
All you that hear me now,
May well believe what I have tauld,
For it shall happen true.*

*Sym. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and
weel ;*

*But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd wi' the diel,
To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep :
Or do ye get them tauld you in your sleep ?*

*S. Wil. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard ;
Nor come I to read fortunes for reward ;
But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.*

*Sym. You prophesying fowks are odd kind men !
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken,
The whimpel'd meaning of your unko tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er moor and dale.*

*Gla. It's nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,
And takes't for gospel what the spae-man gives*

OF

70 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD

Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate :
But what he wish, we trow at ony rate.

S. Wil. Whisht, doubtfu' carle ; for ere the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Gla. Well, be't sae friend, I shall say neathing
mair :

But I've twa sonsy lasses young and fair,
Plump ripe for men : I wish you cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them, might prove joy to me.

S. Wil. Nae mair thro' secrets can I sift,
Till darkness black the bent :
I have but anes a day that gift ;
Sae rest a while content.

Sym. Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat
And, of your best, gar this auld stranger eat.

S. Wil. Delay a while your hospitable care ;
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd tow'r to fetch a walk,
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Sym. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire ;
And, Glau'd, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire ;
We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our pint and crack.

Gla. I'll out a while, and see the young anes play
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be grey.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE III.

*JENNY pretends an errand hame,
Young ROGER draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame
And thow his lassie's breast.*

*Behind a bush, weel hid frae sight, they meet :
See, JENNY's laughing ; ROGER's like to greet ;
Poor Shepherd !*

ROGER and JENNY.

Rog. **D**EAR Jenny, I wad speak t'ye wad ye let,
And yet I ergh, ye're ay sae scornfu' set.

Jen. And what would Roger say, if he could
speak ?

Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek ?

Rog. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grein
Baith by my service sighs, and langing een.

*And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn ;
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith even and morn.*

Ah ! cou'd I loo you las, I'd happy be :

But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jen. And wha kens, honest lad, but what I may ?
Ye canna say that e're I said you nay.

Rog. Alake ! my frightened heart begins to fail,
When'er I mint to tell you out my tale,

*For fear some tigliter lad, mair rich than I,
Has won your love and near your heart may ly.*

Jen.

72 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD

Jen. I loe my father, cousin Meg I love ;
But to this day, nae man my mind cou'd move:
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me ;
And frae ye a' I bbest had keep me free.

Rog. How lang, dear Jenny ?—sayna that again;
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain ?
I'm glad, however, that ye yet stand free,
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me ?

Jen. Ye have my pity else, to see ye set
On that whilk makes our sweetness soon forget.
Wow ! but we're bonny, good, and every thing;
How sweet we breathe, when'er we kifs or sing!
But we're nae sooner fools to give consent,
Than we our daffin and tint pow'r repent :
When prison'd in four wa's, a wife right tame.
Altho the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Rog. That only happens when, for sake o' gear,
Ane wales a wife, as he wad buy a mear :
Or when dull parents bairns together bind,
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me,
Tho' thou shou'd scorn,—still to delight in thee.

Jen. What sugar'd words frae wooers lips can sa'
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've seen, wi' shining fair, the morning rise,
And soon the fleety clouds mirk a' the skies.
I've seen the filler spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear :
The bridgerom may rejoice, the bride may smile;
But soon contentions an' their joys beguile,

Rog

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 73

Rog. I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light,
The day unclouded sink in calmest night.
I've seen the spring rin whimpling thro' the plain,
Increase, and join the ocean without stain.
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile;
Rejoice thro' life, and a' your fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but sure you lang would love
maintain,

The fewest words my easy heart could gain;
For I maun own, since now at last your free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company:
And ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my
head!—

This gush of pleasure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm a' fir'd
Wi' wond'ring love! let's kifs till we be tir'd.
Kifs, kifs! we'll kifs the sun and starns away,
And ferly at the quick return o' day.
O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
And brifs thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

G

Which

Rog

74 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Which may be sung as follows.

S A N G XIII. *Leith-wynd.*



J E N N Y.

*Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
 You should ne mair complain;
 The easy maid, beset wi' love,
 Few words will quickly gain:*

For

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THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 75

*For I must own, now since your free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang a black-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd wi' h thine.*

ROGER.

*I'm happy now; ah! let my head
Upon thy breast recline;
The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead;
Is Jenny then sae kind?
O let me bris thee to my heart,
And round my arms entwine:
Delightfu' thought! we'll never part.
Come, press thy mouth to mine.*

Jen. With equal joy my easy heart gies way,
To own thy well-try'd love has won the day.
Now, by the warmest kisses thou hast tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

Rog. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb;
There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If you agree wi' me to lead your life.

G 2

SANG

SANG XIV.

O'er bogie.

JENNY.

*Weel I agree ye're sure o' me ;
 Next to my father-gae :
 Mak him content to gi'e consent,
 He'll hardly say you nay :
 For you have what he would be at,
 And will commend you weel,
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
 When bairns want milk and meal.*

*Should he, deny, I carena by,
 He'd contradict in vain ;
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
 But thee I will hae nane.*

Then

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD: 77

*Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like those in high degree:
And if ye prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.*

Rog. My faulds contain twice fifteen sorrow
nowt,

As many newcal in my byars rowt;
Five pack of woo' I can at Lammass sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.
Gude twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
Wi' meikle care my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that makes a hartsome house, and tight,
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me a', which now gi'es joy to me,
Because I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee:
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny shou'd the samen skair.
My love and a' is yours; now had them fast,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jen. I'll do my best:—But see wha comes this way:
Patie and Meg;—besides, I mauna stay:
Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
If we be seen, we'll drie a deal a scorn.

R.g. To where the saugh-tree shades the menin
pool,

I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:
Keep tryste, and meet me there;—there let us meet
To kifs, and tell our love;—there's nought sweeter.

Then

G 3

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

*This scene presents the KNIGHT and SYMON
 Within a gallery of the place,
 Where a' looks ruinous and grim;
 Nor has the baron shewn his face,
 But joking wi' his shepherd leel,
 Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.*

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

S. Wil. **T**O whom belongs this house, so much
 decay'd?

Sym. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid
 To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
 Against the laws of nature did prevail.
 Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
 Whilk fills us a' wi' joy, now *He's come hame.*

*(Sir William draps his masking-beard,
 Symon transported, sees
 The welcome knight, with fond regard,
 And grasps him round the knees.)*

My master! my dear master!—do I breathe
 To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith
 Return'd to chear his wishing tenants sight,
 To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight
S Wil. Rise, faithful Symon; in my arms enjoe
 A place thy due, kind guardian of my boy:

I can

I came to view thy care in this disguise,
 And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;
 Since still the secret thou'lt securely seal'd,
 And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due obedience to your strict command
 Was the first lock;—neist, my ain judgment fand
 Out reasons plenty: since, without estate,
 A youth, though sprung frae kings, looks bauch
 and blate.

S. Wil. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
 Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
 Hang on their friends:—which gie's their fauls a cast
 That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Sym. Now, weel I wat, Sir, ye ha'e spoken true;
 For there's laird Kytie's son, that's loo'd by few:
 His father steght his fortune in his wame,
 And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
 He gangs about sornan frae place to place,
 As scrimp of manners as of sense and grace;
 Oppressing a'; as punishment of their sin,
 That are within his tenth degree of kin:
 Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's fae unjust
 To his ain fam'ly, as to gi'e him trust.

S. Wil. Such useless branches of a common wealth
 Shou'd be lopt off, to gi'e a state mair health,
 Unworthy bare reflection.—Symon, run
 O'er all your observations on my son:
 A parent's fondness easily finds excuse;
 But do not, with indulgence, truth abuse.

Sym. To speak his praise, the longest simmer-day
 Wad be o'er short,—cou'd I them right display.

In

80 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

In word and deed he can fae weel behave,
That out o' sight he rins afore the lave;
And whan there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge, to tell, whase cause is best;
And his decreet stands good;— he'll gar it stand;
Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting hand;
Wi' a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudest of our herds obey.

S. Wil. Your tale much pleases, my good friend
proceed :

What learning has he? can he write and read?

Sym. Baith wonder weel; for, troth, I didna
spare

To gi'e him at the school enough o' lear;
And he delites in books:—he reads, and speaks
Wi' fowk that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

S. Wil. Where gets he books to read?—and
of what kind?

Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Sym. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edin-
burgh port,

He buys some books, of hift'ry, fangs, or sport:
Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.

About ane Shakespear, and a famous Ben,
He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.

How sweetly Hawthrenden and Stirling sing,

And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,

He kens fu' weel, and gars their verses ring.

I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase,
About fine poems, histories, and plays.

When

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 81

When I reprov'd him anes,—a book he brings,
Wi' this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings.

S. Wil. He answer'd well, and much ye glad
my ear,

When such accounts I of my shepherd hear.
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Sym. What ken we better, that fae single looks,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book;
When we a leaf or twa haff read, haff spell,
Till a' the rest sleep round, as weel's oursell?

S. Wil. Well jested, Symon.—But one question
more

I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves;
Has nae young lassie, with inviting mein,
And rosy cheeks, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

Sym. I fear'd the warst, but ken'd the sma'est part,
Till late, I saw him twa three times mair sweet
Wi' Glau'd's fair niece, than I thought right, or
meet:

I had my fears; but now have nought to fear,
Since like yoursell your son will soon appear.
A gentleman, entich'd wi' a' these charms,
May bless the fairest, best born lady's arms.

S. Wil. This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
None but yoursell shall our first meeting see.

Yonder's

82 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand,
They come just at the time I gave command;
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress:
Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Sym. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee!
There's nane can know, that is not downright me.

Exit Symon.

Sir WILLIAM solus.

When the event of hope successfully appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years,
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream:
When wish'd for pleasures rise like morning-light,
The pain that's past enhances the delight.
These joys I feel that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known without my late distress.

But from his rustic business and love,
I must in haste my Patrick soon remove,
To courts and camps that may his soul improve
Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine
Only in little breakings shews its light,
'Till artful polishing has made it shine;
Thus education makes the genius bright.

End of the THIRD ACT.

A. C.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

*The scene describ'd in former page,
Glaud's onset.——Enter Maufe and Madge.*

Mad. O 'UR Laird's come hame! and owns
young Pate his heir.

Mau. That's news indeed!——

Mad. —————As true as ye stand there.

As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
Sir Wiliam, like a warlock, wi' a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
Amang us came cry'd, *had ye merry a'*
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his pouch he whirled forth a book,
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', bnt fix'd on Pate his een;
Then pauckily pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his pains and skill wad neathing hae.

Mau. Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

Mad. As fast as flaes skip to the tate of woo,
Whilk flee tod-lowry hads without his mou',
When he, to drown them, and and his hips to cool
In summer-days slides backward in a pool:

In

84 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

In short, he did for Pate braw things foretell,
Without the help of conjuring or spell.

At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,
Pu'd aff his beard to Symon; Symon know
His welcome master; — round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and syne, for blythness grat.
Patrick was sent for; — happy lad is he!
Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.

Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon;
And troth it's e'en right odd when a' is done,
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no so meikle as to Pate himsell. —

Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

Mau. It may be sae; wha kens? and may be nae
To lift a love that's rooted is great pain.
Even kings ha'e tane a queen out o' the plain;
And what has been before may be again

Mad. Sic nonsense! love tak root but tocher-
good

'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood;
Sic fashions in king Bruce's days might be,
But siccan ferlies now we never see;

Mau. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may
gain:

Yonder he comes, and wowbut he looks fain!
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's a' his ain.

Mad. He get her! flaverin doof, it sets him weel
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teil
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see —

Mau. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he
And so wad I. But whisht, here Bauldy comes

Ente

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 85

Enter BAULDY singing,

JENNY said to JOCKY, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free;
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

I trow sae.—Lasses will come too at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their snaw ba's cast.

Mau. Well, Bauldy, how gaes a' ?—

Baul. ————— Faith unco right :

I hope we'll a sleep sound but ane this night.

Mad. And wha's the unlucky ane, if we may ask ?

Baul. To find out that is nae difficult task ;

Poor bonny PEGGY, wha maun think nae mair
On Pate, turn'd PATRICK, and Sir WILLIAM's
heir.

Now, now, good Madge, and honest Maufe, stand be
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.

I'll be as kind as ever Pate cou'd prove ;

Lass wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

Mad. As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn
Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn :

Fy ! Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard ;

What ither lass will trow a mansworn herd ?

The curse of Heaven hings ay aboon their heads,

That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.

I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gate ;

Nor will she be advis'd, fu' weel I wat.

Baul. Sae gray a' gate ! mansworn and a' the rest !

Ye leed, auld roudes—and, in faith, had best

H

I'll

86 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD

Eat in your words ; else I shall gar ye stand
Wi' a het face afore the haly band.

Mad. Ye'll gar me stand ? ye sheveling-gabbit
brock ;

Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,
And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,
Can flyp the skin o' ye'er cheeks out o'er your chin.

Baul. I tak ye witness, Maufe, ye hard her say,
That I'm mansfown ;—I winna let it gae.

Mad. Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names
And shou'd be serv'd as his good breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog !—

Flees t^o his hair like a fury,—A stout battle.—
Maufe endeavours to red them.

Mau. Let gang your grips ; fy, Madge ! howt
Bauldy lean :

I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen ;
It's sae daft like. —————

Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches with a
bleeding nose.

Mad. ————— It's dafter like to thole
An ether-cap, like him, to blaw the coal :
It sets him weel, wi' vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young ;
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And, or they died, their bairns bairns have seen.

Mau. That's true ; and Bauldy ye was far to
blame,
Toca' Madge ought but her ain Christen'd name.
Baul. My lugs, my nose, and nodel finds the
fame.

Mad.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 87

Mad. Auld roudes! filthy fallow; I shall auld ye.

Mau. Howt no! —ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest Bauldy.

Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farder gae:

Ye maun forgi'e'm. I see the lad looks wae.

Baul. In troth, now, Maufe, I hae at Madge nae spite;

But she abusing first was a' the wite

Of what has happen'd; and shou'd therefore crave My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Mad. I crave your pardon! gallows face gae greet, And own your fault to her that he wad cheat; Gae or be blasted in your health and gear Till ye learn to perform, as well as swear.

Vow, and loup back! —was e'er the like heard tell! Swith, tak him deil; he's o'er lang out of hell

BAULDY *running of.*

His presence be about us! curst were he That were condemn'd for life to live wi' thee.

Exit. Bauldy.

MADGE *laughing.*

I think I've towz'd his harigalds a wee He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me. He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve A lassie fae, he does but ill deserve.

Mau. Ye town'd him tightly,—I commend ye for't

His bleeding snout gae me nae little sport

H 2

For

88 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD

For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith,—to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand
To lend him in this case my helping hand

Mad. A witch!—how had ye patience this to
bear,

And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear?

Mau. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints,
like mine

Obliges fowk resentment to decline;
Till aft it's seen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lake of pith supplie
Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
Syne bad him come, and we shou'd gang to wark.
I'm sure he'll keep his triste; and I came here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Mad. And special sport we'll ha'e as I protest;
Ye'll be the witch, and I'll play the ghaist;
A linen sheet wond round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane and shake my head.
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a lassie wrang.

Mau. Then let us gae; for see, it's hard on night,
The westlin clouds shines red wi' setting light.

Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green swaird grows damp wi' falling dew,
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks thro' the broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak farewell.*

Rog. **W**OW! but I'm cadgie, and my heart
louns light;

O, Mr Patrick! ay your thoughts were right;
Sure gentle fowk are farrer seen than we,
That naithing ha'e to brag of pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding,—sweet—and nae mair scorn.
I spak my mind—she heard—I spak again,
She smil'd—I kifs'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Pat. I'm glad to hear't—But O! my change this
day

Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confest;
He a' the father to my soul exprest,
While close he held me to his manly breast.
Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother blessing of my youth;
Who set too soon!—And while he praise bestow'd,
Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.

H 3

My

My new borne joys, and this his tender tale;
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail:
 That speechless lang, my late kend fire I view'd,
 While gushing tears my parting breast bedew'd.
 Unusual transports made my head turn round,
 Whilst I mysell, wi' rising raptures, found
 The happy son of ane sae much renown'd. }
 But he has heard!—to faithful Symon's fear,
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear:
 Which he forbids.— Ah! this confounds my peace
 While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

Rog. How to advise, troth, I'm at a stand:
 But wer't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Pat. Duty and hasten reason plead his cause:
 But what cares love for reason; rules, and laws?
 Still in my heart my shepherdess excels,
 And part of my new happiness repells.

Or sung as follows.

S A N G X V. *Kirk wad let me be.*



Duty, and part of reason

Plead strong on the parent's side,

Which love so superior calls treason;

The strongest must be obey'd:

For now, tho' I'm ane of the gentry,

My constancy falsehood repells,

For change in my heart has no entry,

Still there my dear Peggy excells.

*og. Enjoy them baith.--Sir William will be won:
or Peggy's bonny;—you're his only son.*

Pat.

Pat. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of
love ;

And frae these bands nae change my mind shall
move.

I'll wed nane else ; thro' life I will be true ;
But still obedience is a parent's due.

Rog. Is not our master, and yourself, to stay
Amang us here ?—or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts ?

Pat. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we
advance,

To London neist, and afterwards to France,
Where I must stay some years, and learn—to
dance,

And twa three ither monky-tricks.—That done,
I come hame struting in my red-heel'd shoon.
Then it's design'd, when I can weel behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that, I wat weel,
I nae mair need, nor carts do a third wheel.
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Rog. *They wha ha'e just enough, can soundly sleep ;
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.*—

Good Mr Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

Pat. What was my morning thought, at
night's the same :

The poor and rich but differ in the name.

Content's

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 93

Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
Frae 'boon the list.—Without it kings are poor.

Rog. But an estate like yours yields braw content,
When we but pick it scanty on the bent :
Fine claiths, fast beds, sweet houses, and red wine,
Good chear, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine ;
Obeysant servants, honour, wealth, and ease :
Wha's no content wi' thae are ill to please.

Pat. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks nae far amiss ;
But mony a cloud hings hov'ring o'er the bliss.
The passions rule the roast ;—and, if they're sower,
Like the lean ky, will soon the fat devour.
The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the harpest goads in gentry's side.
The gouts and gravels, and the ill disease,
Are frequentest with fowk o'erlaid with ease
While o'er the moor the shepherd, wi' less care,
Enjoys his sober wish, and hale some air.

Rog. LORD, man ! I wonder ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.
How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad lear,
That I may easier disappointments bear ?

Pat. Frae books, the wale of books, I gate some
skill ;

Thae best can teach what's real good and ill.
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,
To gain these silent friends that ever please.

Rog. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me whilk to buy :
Faith I'll hae books, tho' I should sell my ky.

But

94 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

But now let's hear how you're design'd to move,
Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

Pat. Then hear it lies;—his will maun be
obey'd;

My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride:
But I some time this last design maun hide.

Keep you the secret close, and leave me here;
I sent for Peggy—Yonder comes my dear.

Rog. Pleas'd that ye trust me wi' the secret, I,
To wyle it frae me, a' the deils defy.

Exit Roger.

PATIE solus.

Wi' what a struggle maun I now impart
My father's will to her that hads my heart!
I ken she looes, and her fast saul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment: Heav'n support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care.—
Her eyes are red! —————

Enter PEGGY.

————— My Peggy, Why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I dare nae think sae high: I now repine
At the unhappy chance, that made nae me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can, withoutten pain, see frae the coast
The ship, that bears his all-like to be lost?

Like

Like to be carry'd, by some rever's hand,
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land!

Pat. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it wi' me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own:
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I falsehood hate: come, kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love, as weel as to obey.

Sir William's generous; leave the task to me,
To mak strict duty and true love agree.

Peg. Speak on!—speak ever thus, and still my
grief:

But short I dare to hope the fond relief.

New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire;
Then I, poor me!—wi' sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome
Pate;

Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
By the blythe shepherd that excell'd the rest:
Nae mair be envy'd by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang:
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play!
And rin haff breathless round the rucks of hay;
As aftimes I have fled from thee right fain,
And fawn on purpose, that I might be tane.
Nae mair around the *Foggy-know* I'll creep,
To watch and stare upon thee, while asleep.
But hear my vow—'twill help to gi'e me ease;
May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,

And

Like

96 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane, but you, I be a wife.

Or sung as follows.

S A N G XVI.

Woes my heart that we shou'd sunder.



*Speak on,—speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears, that soon will want relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder :*

A gen

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 97

*A gentler face, and silk attire,
A lady rich, in beauty's blossom,
(Alake, poor me!) will now conspire,
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.*

*No more the shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell:
Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander
Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.*

*Again, ah! shall I never creep
Around the know wi' silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, Heav'n, while solemnly I vow,
Though thou should prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.*

*Pat. Sure Heav'n approves--and be assur'd o' me
I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee:
And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle;
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
I'd hate my rising fortune, shou'd it move
The fair foundation of our faithfu' love,*

I

II

nder:

A gen

98 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid,
To bribe my soul frae thee, delightfu' maid!
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things,
To sic as hae the patience to be kings. —
Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

Peg. I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind.
When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk de-
spair

Made me think life was little worth my care,
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me.
Wi' patience, then, I'll wait each wheeling year,
Hope time away, till thou with joy appear;
And a' the while I'll study gentler charms,
To mak me fitter for my trav'ller's arms;
I'll gain on uncle Gland;—he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school,
Where I may manners learn. — — —

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 99

Or sung as follows.

S A N G XVII.

Tweed-side.



*When hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break;
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will save't for thy sake.
 Where'er my love travels by day,
 Wherever he lodges by night,
 With me his dear image shall stay,
 And my soul keep him e'er in sight.*

I 2

With

100 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD

*With patience I'll wait the lang year,
And study the gentlest charms ;
Hope time away, till thou appear
To lock thee for ay in those arms.
Whilst thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life ;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a heighth that's becoming thy wifes*

*For beauty that's only skin-deep,
Must fade, like the gowans in May ;
But inwardly rooted will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wifes,
And the husband ha'e sense to approve:*

*Pat. ————— That's wisely said:
And what he wares that way shall be weel paid
Though, without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart:
Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
We must learn modes to innocence unkend ;
Affect afrimes to like the thing we hate,
And drap serenity, to keep up state :
Laugh, when we're sad ; speak, when we're
nought to say ;
And, for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae*

Pa

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 161

Pay compliments to them, we aft ha'e scorn'd;
Then scandalize them, when their backs are turn'd.

Peg. If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am still;—but I'll be ought wi' thee.

Pat. Na, na, my Peggy, I but only jest
Wi' gentry's apes; for still amangst the best
Gude-manners gi'e integrity a bleez;
When native virtues joins the arts to please.

Peg. Since wi' nae hazard, and sae sma' expence,
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense;
Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous sea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

Pat. There is nae doubt but travelling does
improve;

Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love.
But soon as I've shook aff my landart cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peg. Wi' every setting day, and rising morn,
I'll kneel to Heav'n, and ask thy safe return.
Under that tree, and on the Suckler Brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to rin and play;
And to the Hissel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

102 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Or sung as follows.

S A N G XVIII.

Busb aboon Traquair.



*At setting day, and rising morn,
Wi' soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe return.
Wi' a that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the Birkin busb,
Where first thou kindly tald me
Sweet tales of love, and hide my blusb
Whilst round thou didst infald me.*

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 103

To a' our haunts I will repair,
To Greenwood-sbarw or fountain;
Or where the summer-day I'd share
Wi' thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart, which cannot wander.

Pat. My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,
A shining ringlet of the flowing hair;
Which as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiss, and wear about my arm.

Peg. Wer't in my power wi' better boons to
please,
I'll gi'e the best I could wi' the same ease;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fall'n to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it not; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words, wad border on a crime:
Love's faster meaning better is exprest,
When it's wi' kisses on the heart imprest.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like ane posselt,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest.
Bare-leg'd, wi' night-cape, and unbutton'd coat,
See, the auld man comes forward to the sot.*

Sym. **W**Hat want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,

While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its power
Far to the north the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye shake and glower, like ane fae wan
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand

Baul. O lend me soon some water, milk, or ale
My head's grown giddy,—legs wi' shaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane;
Alake! I'll never be mysell again,
I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! O Symon! O!

Symon gives him a drink.

Sym. What ails thee gowk! to mak fae loud ado
You've wak'd Sir William; he has left his bed
He comes, I fear ill-pleas'd; I hear his tread.

Enter

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

S. Wil. How goes the night? does day-light
yet appear,

Symon, you're very timeously after.

Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest:
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit oppress;
He's seen some witch, or wrestled wi' a ghaist. }

Baul. O ay,—dear Sir, in troth it's very true;
And I am come to mak my plaint to you.

Sir WILLIAM smiling.

I lang to hear't———

Baul.——— Ah, Sir! the witch ca'd Maufe,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me wi' her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had trysted; I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend o' mine get sic a fright!
For the curs'd hag, instead o' doing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
Rais'd up a ghaist, or deil, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse, in sheet as white as milk:
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,
Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
And gat me down; while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd, as I wont to be, at school.
My heart out o' its hool was like to loup;
I pithless grew wi' fear, and had nae hope,

'Till,

106 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite :
 Syne I, haff dead wi' anger, fear, and spite,
 Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
 Hoping your help, to gi'e the deil his due.
 I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
 Till, in a fat tar-barrel, Maufe be brunt.

S. Wil. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall
 granted be ;

Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

Baul. Thanks to your honour ; soon shall I obey.
 But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
 To catch her fast e'er she get leave to squeel,
 And cast her cantraips that bring up the deil.

Exit Bauldy.

S. Wil. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid
 than hurt,

The witch and ghaist have made themselves good
 sport.

What silly notions croud the clouded mind,
 That is through want of education, blind ?

Sym. But does your honour think there's nae
 such thing,

As witches raising deils up through a ring,
 Syne playing tricks ? a thousand I cou'd tell,
 Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell .

S. Wil. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor
 Amongst a few old women craz'd and poor,
 Who are re'joic'd to see him frisk and low p
 O'er braes and bogs, wi' candles in his doup ;

Appearing

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 107

Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow,
Aft-times like bawty, badrans, or a sow :
Then wi' his train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride;
Or in the egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain:
Then aft by night bombaze hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cup-boards, chairs, and
stools :

Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Sym. It's true enough, we ne'er hard that a witch
Had either meikle sence, or yet was rich :
But Maufe, tho' poor is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest life ;
That gars me think this hoblefhew that's past
Will land in naething but a joke at last.

S. Wil. I'm sure it will:—but see increasing light
Commands the imps of darkness down to night;
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

S A N G

S A N G XIX.

Bonny grey'd morn.

*The bonny grey-ey'd morning begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray :
 The hearty hynd starts frae his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthfu' labours of the day ;*

Without

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 109

*Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow;
The lark and the linnet 'tend his levee,
And he joins their concert driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.*

*While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain;*

*Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.*

Exeunt

SCENE II.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
Wi' a blew sneed Jenny binds up her hair;
Glaud, by his morning-ingle, tak a beek,
The rising sun shines motty through the reek.
A pipē his mouth, the lassies please his een,
And now and then his joke maun interveen.*

Gla. I Wish my bairns, it may keep fair till night;
Ye dinna use sae soon to see the light.
Nae doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave of Patrick, or he gang.
But do ye think, that now, when he's a laird
That he poor landward lassies will regard?

K

Jen.

110 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Jen. Though he's young master now, I'm very
sure

He has mair sence than slight auld friends, though
poor.

But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
And kifs'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

Gla. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But be advis'd, his company refrain:
Before, he, as a shepherd, sought a wife,
Wi' her to live a chaste and frugal life;
But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peg. A rake!—what's that?—Sure if it means
ought ill,

He'll never be't; else I ha'e tint my skill.

Gla. Daft lassie, ye ken-nought of the affair;
Ane young and good and gentle's unco rare.

A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame

To do what like of us thinks sin to name:

Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never stap

To brag how aften they ha'e had the clap.

They'll tempt young things, like you, wi' youdie
flush'd,

Syne mak ye a' their jest, when ye're debauch'd

Be warry, then, I say, and never gi'e

Encouragement, or bourd wi' sic as he.

Peg. Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle
blood;

And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. III

Gla. That's true; and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we;
But thinner sawn: they're sae puft up wi' pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,
That shaws the gate to heaven.—I've heard mysell,
Some o' them laugh at doomsday, sin, and hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd;
Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

Gla. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge,
nor think;
Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and
drink;

But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better
things:
But here comes aunt; her face some ferly brings.

Enter M A D G E.

Mad. Haste, haste ye; we're a' sent for o'er
the gate,
To hear, and help to redd some odd debate
'Tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witch-
craft spell,

At Symon's house: the knight sits judge himsell.

Gla. Lend me my staff;—Madge, lock the
outer-door,

And bring the lasses wi' ye: I'll step before.

Exit Glaud.

112 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Mad. Poor Meg! look, Jenny, was the like
e'er seen?

How bleer'd and red wi' greeting look her een!
This day her brankan wooer tak's his horse,
To strute a gentle spark at Edinburgh corfs;
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword, and glancing-headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;
To leave the green-swaird dance, when we ga'e milk,
To rustle among the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg! maun wi' the shepherd stay,
And tak what God will send, in hoddan-gray.

Peg. Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi'
your scorn?

It's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green.
Now, since he rises, why shou'd I repine?
If he's made for anither, he'll ne'er be mine;
And then, the like has been, if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Mad. A bonny story, trowth!—but we delay;
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*Sir William fills the two-arm'd chair,
 While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Maufe,
 Attend, and wi' loud laughter hear
 Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause :
 For now it's tell'd him that the taz
 Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
 Because he brak good breeding's laws,
 And wi' his nonsense rais'd their rage.*

S. Wil. **A**ND was that all? Well, Bauldy, ye
 was serv'd

No o'therwise than what ye well deserv'd.
 Was it so small a matter to defame,
 And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
 Besides your going about to have betray'd,
 By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Baul. Sir, I confess my faut thro' a' the steps,
 And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Mau. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score
 I kend nae that they thought me sic before.

Baul. An't like your honour, I believ'd it weel;
 But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the deil:
 Yet, wi' your honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
 She's baith a flee and a revengefu'——

And that my some-place finds;—but I had best
 Had in my tongue; for yonder comes the ghaist,

114. THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

And the young bonny witch, whase rosie cheek,
Sent me, without my wit, the deil to seek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir WILLIAM looking at PEGGY.

Whose daughter's she that wears the Aurora
gown,
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes! what's this! I find
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud? —

Gla. ——— Sir, she's my niece, —
And yet she's not: — But I shou'd hald my peace.

S. Wil. This is a contradiction. What d'ye
mean?

She is, and is not! pray thee, Glaud, explain.

Gla. Because I doubt, if I shou'd mak appear
What I ha'e kept a secret thirteen year —

Mau. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

S. Wil. Speak soon; I'm all impatience —

Pat. ——— So I'm I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Gla. Then, since my master orders, I obey. —
This bonny fundling, ae clear morn of May.

Close

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD, 115

Close by the lee-side of my door, I found
 All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
 In infant-weeds of rich and gentle make.
 What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?
 Wha, warfe than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air
 Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,
 Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me
 Only about twa towmands auld to me.
 I took her in my arms, the bairnie smil'd
 Wi' sic a look, wad made a savage mild.
 I hid the story: she has past since syne
 As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.
 Nor do I rue my care about the wea'n,
 For she's weel worth the pains that I ha'e taner.
 Ye see she's bonny, I can swear she's good,
 And am right sure she's come of gentle blood,
 Of whom I kenna.—Naething ken I mair,
 Than what I to your honour now declare.

S. Wil. This tale seems strange!—

Pat. ——— The tale delights mine ear.

S. Wil. Command your joys young man, till
 truth appear.

Mau. That be my task.—Now, Sir, bid a' be hush;
 Peggy may smile;—Thou hast nae cause to blush.
 Lang hae I wish'd to see this happy day,
 That I might safely to the truth gi'e way;
 That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
 The best and nearest friend that she can claim:

He

116 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

He saw't at first, and wi' quick eye did trace
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

S. Wil. Old woman, do not rave,—prove what
you say;

'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Pat. What reason, Sir, can an auld woman have
To tell a lie, when she's fae near her grave?
But how, or why, it shou'd be truth, I grant
I every thing looks like a reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd! we wish we heard it
out:

S. Wil. Make haste, good woman, and resolve
each doubt.

Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.

Mau. Sir, view me weel: has fifteen years so
plow'd

A wrinkled face that you ha'e aften view'd,
That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Who nurs't her mother that now holds my hand?
Yet stronger proofs I'll gi'e, if you demand.

S. Wil. Ha! honest nurse, where were my eyes
before?

I know thy faithfulness, and need no more,
Yet, from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind;
Say to expose her, who was so unkind.

Sir

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD: 117

*Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit
by him.*

Yes, surely thou'rt my niece; truth must prevail:
But no more words, till Maufe relate her tale.

Pat. Good nurse, gae on, nae music's haff sae fine
Or can gie pleasure like these words of thine.

Mau. Then it was I, that sav'd her infant-life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
How they pursu'd wi' avaricious view,
Her rich estate, of which they're now posselt:

All this to me a confident confest.
I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed!
That very night, when a' were sunk in rest,
At midnight-hour, the floor I softly prest
And staw the sleeping innocent away;
Wi' Whom I travell'd some few miles ere day:
All day I hid me;—when the day was done,
I kept my journey lighted by the moon,
Till eastward fifty miles I reached these plains,
Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains;
Afraid of being found out, I to secure
My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er shou'd happen to her, might be by.
Here honest Glaud himsell, and Symon may
Remember weel, how I that very day

Frae

118 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

Glaud, with tears of joy happing down his beard.

I well remember't: Lord, reward your love:
Lang ha'e I wish'd for this; for aft I thought
Sic knowledge sometime shou'd about be brought.

Pat. It's now a crime to doubt;—my joys are
full

Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.

Sir, wi' paternal love survey her charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her arms.

She's mine by vows; and wou'd though still un-
known

Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

S. Wil. My niece; my daughter! welcome to
my care;

Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
Equal with Patrick. Now my greatest aim,
Shall be, to aid your joys, and well match'd-flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

Patie and Peggy embrace and kneel to Sir William.

Pat. Wi' as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad live, that's sinking in a wave.

Sir WILLIAM raises them.

I give you both my blessing: May your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Pige

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 119

Peg. My wishes are complete,—my joys arise,
While I'm haff dizzy wi' the blest surprife.
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had?
Lang may Sir William bless thae happy plains,
Happy while Heaven grant he on them remains.

Pat. Belang our guardian, still our master be
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e:
Th' estate be your's, my Peggy's ane to me

Gla. I hope your honour now will tak amends
Of thent that fought her life for wicked ends.

S. Wil. The base unnatural villain soon shall know
That eyes above watch the affairs below.

I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peg. To me the views of wealth, and an estate
Seem light, when put in balance wi' my Pate:
For his sake only, I'll ay thankfu' bow
For such a kindness, best of men, to you

Sym. What double blythness wakens up this day,
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Shall I unsadle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country-fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow;
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taz, and pawky Maufe's plot.

S. Wil. Kindly old man, remain with you this
day!

I never from these fields again will stray:

Masons

120 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And buffy gard'ners shall new planting rear;
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Sym. That's the best news I heard this twenty
year;

New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Gla. God save the king, and save Sir William
lang,

T' enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

Rog. Wha winna dance? wha will refuse to sing?

What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?

Baul. I'm friends wi' Maufe,—wi' very Madge
I'm gree'd,

Altho' they skelpt me when woodly fleid:

I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,

To join and sing, *Lang may Sir William live.*

Mad. Lang may he live:—and, Bauldy, learn
to steek

Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak;

And never ca' her auld that wants a man,

Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.

This day I'll wi' the youngest of ye rant,

And brag for ay, that I was ca'd the aunt

Of our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn!

Peg. Nae ither name I'll ever for you learn—

And, my good nurse, how shall I gratfu' be

For a' thy matchless kindness done for me!

Mau

Mau. The flowing pleasures of this happy day,
Does fully all I can require repay.

S. Wil. To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud,
to you,

And to your heirs I give, in endless feu,
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Maufe, in my house in calmness close your days,
With nought to do, but sing your Maker's praise:

Omnes. The LORD of heaven return your honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

PAUSE, presenting Roger to Sir William

Sir here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird;
Glaud's daughter Janet (Jenny, thinkna shame)
Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb, at last he spake, and won,
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son:
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That nane may wear a face of discontent.

S. Wil. My son's demand is fair.—Glaud let
me crave

That trusty Roger may your daughter have
With frank consent; and while he does remain
Upon these fields I make him chamberlain.

L.

Glaud

122 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Gla. You crowd our bounties, Sir, what can
we say,

But what we're dyvours that can ne'er repay?

Whate'er your honour wills, I shall obey.

Roger, my daughter, wi' my blessing, tak,

And still our master's right your business mak.

Please him, be faithfu', and this auld gray head

Shall nod wi' quietness down amang the dead.

Rog. I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,

Or ever loo'd to mak our great a fraise:

But for my master, father, and my wife,

I will employ the cares of a' my life.

S. Wil. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all be-
have,

Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.

Be ever virtuous; soon or late you'll find

Reward and satisfaction to your mind.

The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild;

And oft when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd:

Aft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,

Some happy turn, with joy, dispells our care.

Now all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear?

Peg. When you demand, I readiest shou'd obey:

I'll sing you ane, the newest that I ha'e.

S A N G

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 123.

S A N G XX.

Corn-riggs are bonny.



My Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy ;
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy :
 His shape is handsome, middle size ;
 He's comely in his wauking :
 The shining of his een surprise ;
 It's Heav'n to hear him tawking.

L 2

Last

124 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Last night I met him on a bawlk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a glowing.
 He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine;
 And loo'd me best of ony,
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
 O corn-riggs are bonny.

Let lasses of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting;
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chastly should be granting.
 Then I'll comply, and marry PATE;
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzel, air or late,
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.

Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S.



G
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 1. In
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 Scots.
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 Scots.
 Bawm
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 Fowk
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 Gowd
 Haff
 How
 Howms
 Maut
 Pow
 Row
 Scawd
 Town
 Hawk

G L O S S A R Y,

O R,

EXPLANATION of the *Scots* words used by the author, which are rarely or never found in the modern *English* language.

Some general rules, shewing wherein many Southern and Northern words are originally the same, having only a letter changed for another, or sometimes one taken away or added.

I. In many words ending with an l after ana or u, the l is rarely sounded.

Scots.

A' Ba

Ca
Fa
Ga
Ha
Sma
Sta
Wa
Fou or Fu
Fou or Pu
Woo or U

II. The l changes to a, w, or u after o or a, and is frequently sunk before another consonant; as,

Scots.

Bawn
Bauk

Bouk
Bow
Bowt
Calf
Cow
Faut
Fause
Fowk
Fawn
Gowd
Haff
How
Howms
Maut
Paw
Row
Scawd
Tawn
Wauk

English.

ALL Ball.

Call.
Fall.
Gall.
Hall.
Small.
Stall.
Wall.
Full.
Pull.
Wool.

English.

Balm.
Baulk.

Bulk.
Boll.
Bolt.
Calf.
Coll, or Clip.
Fault.
False.
Folk.
Fallen.
Gold.
Half.
Hole, or hollow
Holms.
Malt.
Poll.
Roll.
Scald.
Stoln.
walk.

III. An o before ld changes to an a or au; as.

Scots.

AULD Bauld

Cauld
Fauld
Hald or had
Sald
Tald
Wad

IV. The o, oe, or ow, is changed to a, ae, aw, or ai; as,

Scots.

Ae or ane
Acten

Aff
Aften
Aik
Aith
Ain or awn
Alanc.
Amaist
Amang
Airs
Aits
Apen
Awaer
Bain
Bair
Baith
Blaw
Braid
Claith
Craw
Drapp
Fae
Frac
Gae
Gaits

English.

OLD Bold

Cold.
Fold.
Hold.
Sold.
Told.
would.

English.

ONe.
Oaten.

Off.
Often.
Oak.
Oath.
Own.
Alone.
Almost.
Among.
Oars.
Oats.
Open.
Owner.
Bone.
Bore.
Both.
Blow.
Broad.
Cloth.
Crow.
Drop.
Foe.
Fro or from.
Go.
Goats.

M

Scots.
 Grane
 Halv
 Hae
 Halesome
 Hame
 Halt or het
 Laith
 Laid
 Lain or len
 Lang
 Law
 Mae
 Maist
 Mair
 Mane
 Maw
 Na
 Nane
 Naithing
 Pape
 Rae
 Raif
 Raip
 Raw
 Saft
 Saip
 Sair
 Sang
 Slaw
 Snaw
 Strake
 Staw
 Stane
 Saul
 Tae
 Taiken
 Tangs
 Tap
 Thrang
 Wae
 Wame
 Wan
 War
 Wark
 World
 Wha

V. The o or u is frequently changed into i; as.

Scots.
 A Nither
 Bill
 Birn
 Brither
 Fit
 Fither
 Hinny
 Ither
 Mither
 Nits
 Nife
 Pit
 Rin
 Sin

English.
 Groan.
 Holy.
 Whole.
 Wholefome.
 Home.
 Hot.
 Loath.
 Load.
 Loan.
 Long.
 Low.
 Moe.
 Most.
 More.
 Moan.
 Mow.
 No.
 None.
 Nothing.
 Pope.
 Roe.
 Noar.
 Rope.
 Row.
 Soft.
 Soap.
 Sore.
 Song.
 Slow.
 Snow.
 Stroak.
 Stole.
 Stone.
 Soul.
 Toe.
 Token.
 Tongs.
 Top.
 Throng.
 Woe.
 Womb.
 Won.
 Worfe.
 Work.
 World.
 Who.

English.
 A Nother.
 Bull.
 Burn.
 Brother.
 Foot.
 Fother.
 Honey.
 Other.
 Mother.
 Nuts.
 Nose.
 Put.
 Run.
 Sun.

A

A Blins, perhaps
 Abon, above
 Aiker braid, the breadth of an acre
 Air, long since, early. Air up, soon up

in the morning
 Ambrie, cup-board
 Anew, enough
 Arles, earnest of a bargain
 Ase, athes
 Atains, or at anes, at once, at the same time
 Attour, out-over
 Auldarran, ingenious
 Aurglebargin, or eagglebargin, to contend and wrangle
 Awfome, frightful, terrible
 Aynd, the breath

B

Back-sey, a surloin. Badrans, a cat
 Baid, staid, abode
 Bairns, children
 Balen, whale-bone
 Bang, is sometimes an action of haste, we say. He or it came wi' a bang. --
 A bang also means a great number. *Of customers she had a bang*
 Bangster, a blustering roaring person
 Bannocks, a sort of bread thicker than cakes and round
 Barken'd, when mire blood &c. hardens upon a thing. *a bark*
 Barlikhood, a fit or drunken angry passion
 Barrow-trams, the slaves of a handbarrow
 Batts, chol'ic
 Bawbie, halfpenny
 Bauch, sorry, indifferent
 Bawfy, bawfy and fac'd, is a cow or a horse with a white face.
 Bedeen, immediately, in haste
 Best, beaten
 Begoud, began
 Begrutten, all in tears
 Beik, to bask
 Beild, or beil, a shelter
 Bein, or been, wealthy. A been house, a warm well furnished one
 Beit, or beet, to help, repair
 Bells, bubbles
 Beltan, the 3d of May or Rood-day
 Bended, drunk hard
 Benn, the inner-room of a house
 Bennison, blessing
 Bendfel, or bensail, force
 Bent, the open field
 Benk, baked
 Bicker, a wooden dish
 Bickering, fighting, running quickly; school-boys battling with stones
 Bigg, build. Bigget, built. biggings, buildings
 Biggonet, a linen cap or coif
 Billy, brother
 Byre, or byar, a cow-stall
 Birk, birch-trees
 Birle, to drink. Common people joining their farthings for purchasing liquor they call it, *birling a bawbie*
 Birn, a burnt mark
 Birns, the stalks of a burnt heath
 Birk, force flying swiftly with noise
 Birs'd, bruised
 Bittle, or beetle, a wooden mull for



beating hemp, or a fuller's club
 Black a-vic'd, of a black complexion
 Blae, pale blue, the colour of the skin
 when bruised
 Blastum, beguile
 Blate, a bathful
 Blatter, a rattling noise
 Bleech, to blanch or whiten
 Bleer, to make the eye water
 Bleez, blaze
 Blether, foolish discourse. Bletherer,
 a babbler. Stammering is called
 blethering.
 Blin, cease. Never blin, never have
 done
 Blinkan, the flame rising and falling,
 as a lamp when the oil is exhausted
 Boak, or boke, vomit
 Boal, a little press or cupboard in the
 wall
 Bodin, or bodden, provided or furnished
 Bodle, one sixth of a penny English
 Bodword, an ominous message. Bod-
 words are now used to express ill-
 natured messages
 Boglebo, hobgoblin or spectre
 Bony, beautiful
 Bonywalys, toys, gewaws
 Bots, empty
 Bouk, bulk
 Boud, jest or dally
 Bouze, to drink
 Brachen, a kind of water-gruel of oat-
 meal, butter and honey
 Brae, the side of a hill, bank of a river
 Braird, the first sprouting of corns
 Brander, a gridiron
 Brands, calves of the legs
 Brankan, prancing, a capering
 Branks, wherewith the rustics bridle
 their horses
 Brattle, noise, as of a horse's feet
 Brats, rags
 Braw, brave, fine in apparel
 Brecken, fearn
 Brent-brow, smooth high fore-head
 Brigs, bridges
 Briss, to press
 Brock, a badger
 Broe, broth
 Browden, fond
 Browster, a brewer
 Browst, a brewing
 Brulliment, a broil
 Bucky, the large sea-snail. A term of
 reproach, when we express a cross-
 natured fellow, by a thrawn bucky
 Buff, nonsense. As, he blethered buff
 bught, the little fold where the ewes are
 inclosed at milking-time
 Buller, to bubble. The motion of wa-
 ter at a spring-head, or noise of a ri-
 sing tide
 Bumazed, confused. Made to stare
 and look like an idiot
 Bung, completely fuddled, as it were
 to the bung

Bunkers, a bench or sort of long low
 chests that serve for seats
 Bumler, a bungler
 Burn, a brook
 Busk, to deck, dress
 Bustine, Russian (cloth)
 But, often for without; as, but feed or
 favour
 Bykes or bikes, nests or hives of bees
 Bygane, bypast
 By word, a proverb

C

Cadge, carry. Cadger is a country
 carrier
 Caff, a calf. Chaff
 Callan, a boy
 Camfchough, stern, grim, of a distort-
 ed countenance
 Cangle, to wrangle
 Canker'd, angry, passionately
 Canna, cannot
 Cant, to tell merry old tales
 Cantraips, incantations
 Canty, cheerful and merry
 Capernoited, whimsical, ill-natur'd
 Car, sledge
 Carena, care not
 Carle, an old word for a man
 Carline, an old woman. Gire carline,
 a giant's wife
 Cathel, an hot pot, made of ale, sugar,
 and eggs
 Cauldric, Spiritless, wanting cheer-
 fulness in address
 Caylor, cool or flesh
 Cawk, chalk
 Chaffs, chops
 Chaping, an ale measure or stoup,
 somewhat less than an English quart
 A char or a jar, aside, when any thing
 is beat a little out of its position, or
 a door or window a little opened,
 we say, they're a char or a jar
 Charlewain, Charleswain, the constel-
 lation called the plow, or urf a major
 Chancy, fortunate, good-natured
 Chat, a cant name for the gallows
 Chiel, a general term like fellow used
 sometimes with respect: as, He's a
 very good chiel; and contemptu-
 ously, That chiel
 Chirm, chirp, and sing like a bird
 Chucky, a hen
 Clan, tribe, family
 Clank, a sharp blow or stroke tha
 makes a noise
 Clashes, chat
 Clatter, to chatter
 Claught, took hold
 Claver, to speak nonsense
 Claw, scratch
 Cleek, to catch as with a hook
 Cleugh, a den betwixt rocks
 Clinty, hard, stony
 Clock, a beetle
 Cloitted, the fall of any soft moist thing
 Clofs, a court or square; and frequent-
 ly a lane or alley

Clour, the little lump that rises on the head, occasioned by a blow or fall

Clute or **Cloot**, hoof of cows

Cockernony, the gathering of a woman's hair, when 'tis wrapt or snooded up with a band or snood

Cockstool, a pillory

Cod, a pillow

Coff, bought

Cog, a pretty large wooden dish the country people put their pottage in

Cogle, when a thing moves backwards and forwards, inclining to fall

Coodies, a small wooden vessel used by some for chamber-pots

Coof, a stupid fellow

Coor, to cover

Cooser, a ston'd horse

Coost, did cast Coosten, thrown

Corby, a raven

Cosie, shelter'd in a convenient place

Cotter, a sub-tenant

Coup, a fall

Coup, exchange, barter

Coup, a company of people; as, merry, senseless, corky Cowp

Cour, to crouch and creep

Couth, frank and kind

Crack, to chat

Creel, a basket

Crith, Greale

Croil, a crooked dwarf

Croon or **erune**. 'To murmur or hum o'er a song. The lowing of bulls

Crouse, bold

Crove, a cottage

Crummy, a cow's name

Cryn, shrink, or become less by drying

Cudsel's, a bribe, present

Culzie, notice or flatter

Cun, to taste, learn, know

Cunzie or **coonie**, coin

Curn, a small parcel

Curfiche, a kerchief. A linen dress wore by our Highland women

Cutled, used kind, and gaining methods for obtaining love and friendship

Cutts, lots. These cutts are usually made of straws unequally cut

Cutty, short

D

DAB, proficient

Dad, to beat one thing against another. He fell with a dad. He daddled his head against the wall

Dast, foolish, and sometimes wanton

Dassin, Polly, waggle

Dial or **Dale**, a valley. Plain

Daintiths, dainties, delicates

Dainty, is used as an epithet of a fine man or woman

Dander, wander to and fro, or saunter

Dang, did ding, beat, thrust, drive

Ding dang, moving hastily one on the back of another

Darn, to hide

Dash, to put out of countenance

Dawty, a fondling Darling. To dawt to cocker, and caress with tenderness

Deave, to stun the ears with noise

Dees, Dairy maids

Deray, merriment, jollity, solemnity, tumult, disorder, noise

Dern, secret, hidden, lonely. To descend, fall, hurry

Dewgs, rags, or shapings of cloath

Didle, to act or move like a dwarf

Dight, deck'd. Made ready; also, to clean

Dirna, do not

Dirle, a smarting pain quickly over

Dit, to stop or close up a hole

Divet, broad turf

Docken, a dock, (the herb)

Dolit, confused and silly

Doited, dozed or crazy, as in old age

Doll, a large piece, dole or share

Dunk, moist

Donsie, affectedly neat. Clean, when applied to any little person

Dooiart, a dull heavy headed fellow

Dool or **Drule**, the goal which gamblers strive to gain first (as at football)

Dool, pain. Grief.

Dorts, a proud pet

Dorty, proud. Not to be spoke to.

Conceited, appearing disoblighd

Dofend, cold

Dought, could. Avail'd

Doughty, strong, valiant and able

Douks, dives under water

Douse, solid, grave, prudent

Dow, to will, to incline, to thrive

Dow, dove

Dow'd, (liquor) that's dead, or has lost the spirits; or wither'd (plant)

Dowf, mournful, wanting vivacity

Dowie, melancholy, sad, doleful

Downo, dow not, i. e. though one has the power, he wants the heart to it

Dowp, the arse, the small remains of a candle, the bottom of an egg-shell. Better haff egg as toom dowp

Drant, to speak slow, after a sighing manner

Dree, to suffer, endure

Dreery, wearisome, frightful

Dreigh, slow, keeping at a distance.

Hence an ill payer of his debts, we call dreigh. Tedious

Dries, drops

Drizel, a little water in a rivulet, scarce appearing to run

Droning, sitting lazily, or moving heavily. Speaking with groans

Drouked, drench'd, all wet

Dubs, mire

Dung, defeat

Dunt, stroke or blow

Dunty, a doxy

Durk, a poynard or dagger

Dynies, trembles, makes

Dyve

EAg

Edge

Een

Eild

Eildec

Eith

Elbuck

Elf sho

Elson

Elritch

exce

Endian

Ergh

faint

a stea

Erit, th

Etler

we c

Ether

Etle, to

Even'd

Eydent

FA, a

ing

Fadge

of a r

Fag, to

Fait, th

buildi

xc.

Fain exp

would

pleasu

Fait, ne

Fairfaw

that a

him

Fang, th

to grip

Fath, ve

Fathous

Fagh, a

red. F

Feck, a p

the gre

few

Feckfow

Feckles

Feed or f

Feil, mar

Fen, thi

dustry

Make a fe

Ferlie, w

Fernzier

File, to d

Firelaugh

Fittie, to f

Fitted, th

Fizzing, w

Flashing, m

wind by

wings

flags, flah

Dyver, a bankrupt

E

E Ags, incites, stirs up

Eard, earth, the ground

Edge, of a hill, is the side or top

Een, eyes

Eild, age

Eildeens, of the same age

Eith, easy. Eithar, easier

Elbuck, elbow

Elf shot, bewitch'd, shot by fairies

Elson, a shoemaker's awl

Elritch, wild, hideous, uninhabited; except by imaginary ghosts

Endiang, along

Ergh, scrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing without a steady resolution

Erti, time past

Estler, hewn stone. Buildings of such we call estler-work

Ether, an adder

Etle, to aim, design

Even'd, compared

Eydent, diligent, laborious

F

FA, a trap, such as is used for catching rats or mice

Fadge, a spongy sort of bread in shape of a roll

Fag, to tire, or turn weary

Fall, thick turf, such as are used for building dikes for folds, inclosures, &c.

Faln expresses earnest desire; as, faln would I. Also, joyful, tickled with pleasure

Falt, neat, in good order

Fairfaw, when we wish well to one; that a good or fair fate may befall him

Fang, the talons of a fowl. To fang, to grip, or hold fast

Fath, vex or trouble

Fathous, troublesome

Faugh, a colour between white and red. Faugh riggs, fallow ground

Feck, a part, quantity; as, maist feck, the greatest number; nae feck, very few

Feckfow, able, active

Feckless, feeble; little and weak

Feed or fead, feud, hatred, quarrel

Fell, many, several

Fen, thift. Fendings, living by industry

Make a fen, fall upon methods

Ferlie, wonder

Fernzier, the last or fore-run year

File, to defile or dirty

Firelaught, a flash of lightning

Fittle, to stir, a stir

Fitted, the print of the foot

Fizzing, whizzing

Flaffing, moving up and down, raising wind by motion, as birds with their wings

Flags, flathes, as of wind and fire

Flane, an arrow

Flang, flung

Flaughter, to pare turf from the ground

Flaw, lie or fib

Flieetch, to coax or flatter

Flég, fright

Flewet, a smart blow

Fley, or fle, to affright fleyt, afraid or terrified

Flinders, splinters

Flit, to remove

Flite or flyte, to scold, chide

Flet, did scold

Fluthes, floods

Fog, mofs

Foordays, the morning far advanced; fair day-light

Forby, besides

Forbears, forefathers, ancestors

Forfain, abused, bespattered

Forfoughted, weary, faint and out of breath with fighting

Forgainst, opposite to

Forlect, to forsake or forget

Foreftam, the forehead

Fouth, abundance, plenty

Fozy, spongy, soft

Frais, to make a noise, we use to say one makes a frais, when they boast, wonder, and talk more of a matter than it is worthy of, or will bear

Fray, bustle, fighting

Frèik, a fool, light, impertinent fellow

Fremit, strange, not a kin

Fristed, trusted

Fruth, brittle, like bread baked with butter

Fuff, to blow. Fuffin, blowing

Furder, prosper

Furthy, forward

Futh, brought

Fyk, to be restless, uneasy

Furlet, four pecks

G

GAh, the mouth

to prat, Gab fae gash

Gabbing, prattling pertly. To gab again, when servants give saucy returns when reprimanded

Gabby, one of a ready and easy expression; the same with auld gabbet

Gadge, to dictate impertinently, talk idly with a stupid gravity

Gafaw, a hearty loud laughter. To gawf, laugh

Gait, a goat

Gams, gums

Gar, to cause, make, or force

Gare, greedy, rapacious, earnest to have a thing

Gash, solid, sagacious. One with a long out chin we call Gash gabbet, or

Gath-beard

Gate, way

Gaunt, yawn

Gawky, idle, staring, idiotical person

Howt! fy!

Howtowdy a young hen

Hurkle to crouch or bow together
like a cat hedgehog or hare

Hut a hivel

Hyt mad

J

Jack jacket

Jag to prick as with a pin

Jaw a wave or gulf of water

Jawp the dashing of water

Icehogles icicles

Jee to incline to one side. To jee back
and fore is to move like a balk up
and down to this and the other side

Jig to crack make a noise like a cart-
wheel

Jimp slender

Jip gipfie

Ilk each. Ilka every

Ingan onion

Ingle fire

Jo Sweetheart

Jowk a low bow

Irie fearful terrified as if afraid of
some ghost or apparition. Also me-
lancholy

Ise I shall; as I'll for I will

Isles embers

Junt a large joint or piece of meat

Jute four or dead liquor

Jybe to mock. Gibe-taunt

K

Kaber a raster

Kale or kail colewort and some-
times broth

Kacky to dung

Kain a part of a farm-rent paid in
fowls

Kane comb

Kanny or canny fortunate; also war-
ry one who manages his affairs dis-
creetly

Keabuck a cheese

Keckle to laugh to be noisy

Kedgy jovial

Keek to peep

Kelt cloth with a freeze commonly
made of native black wool

Kepp to strive who shall perform
most of the same work in the same
time

Ken to know; used in England as a
noun. A thing with in ken i. e. with-
in view

Kent a long staff such as shepherds
use for leaping

Kepp to catch a thing that moves to-
wards one

Keist did cast. Vid. Coost.

Kited tuck'd up

Klimmer a female gossip

Kirn a churn to churn

Kirtle an upper petticoat

Kitchen all sort of eatables except
bread

Kittle, difficult, mysterious, knotty
(writings)

Kittle to tickle ticklish

Knacky witty and facetious

Knoit to beat or strike sharply

Knoo'd buffeted and bruised

Knooft or knuift a large lump

Know a hillock

Knublock a knob

Knuckles only used in Scots for the
joints of the fingers next the back of
the hand

Kow goblin or any person one stands
in awe to disoblige and fears

Ky kine or cows

Kyth to appear. He'll kyth in his ain
colours

Kyte the belly

L

Lagger bespattered covered with
clay

Laigh low

Lais manners

Lak or lack undervalue contemn as
He that laks my mare would buy
my mare

Landart the country or belonging to
it. Rustic

Lane alone

Langour, languishing, melancholy.
To hold one out of langour i. e.
divert him

Lankale coleworts uncut

Lap leaped

Lapper'd cruddled or clotted

Lare a place for laying or that has
been lain in

Lare bog

Lave the rest or remainder

Lawin a tavern reckoning

Lowland low country

Lavrock the lark

Lawty or laith justice fidelity ho-
nesty

Leal true upright honest faithful to
trust loyal. A leal heart never lied

Leam flame

Learn learning to learn

Lee untill'd ground; also an open
grassy plain

Leglen a milking-pale with one lug
or handle

Leman a kept miss

Lends buttocks loins

Leugh laughed

Lew-waru lukewarm

Liboit gelded

Lick to whip or beat; Item a wag or
cheat we call a great lick

Lied yelled ye tell a lie

Lift the sky or firmament

Liggs lyes

Lills the holes of a wind instrument
of music; hence Lilt up a spring lilt
it out take off your drink merrily

Limmer a whore

Limp to halt

Len a cataract

Ling quick career in a straight line
to gallop

Lingle cord shoemaker's threed
 Lunkan walking speedily
 Lire. breasts; *Item* the most muscu-
 lar parts; sometimes the air or
 complexion of the face
 Irk a wrinkle or fold
 Lik the flank
 Lith a joint
 Loan a little common near to coun-
 try villages where they milk their
 cows
 Loch a lake
 Loo to love
 Loof the hallow of the hand
 Looms tools instruments in general
 vessels
 Loot did let
 Low flame
 Lowan flaming
 Lown calm. Keep lown be secret
 Loun rogue whore villan
 Lounder a sound blow
 Lout to bow down making courtesy.
 To stoop
 Luck to inclose shut up fasten. Hence
 Lucken handed close fitted Lucken
 Gowans Booths &c.
 Lucky grandmother or goody
 Lug ear. Handle of a pot or vessel
 Luggie a dith of wood with a handle
 Lum the chimney
 Lure rather
 Lyart hoary or grey-hair'd

M

Magil to mangle
 Maik or make match equal
 Maiklefs matchless
 Mailen a farm
 Makly seemly well-proportioned
 Makina it is no matter
 Malison a curse malediction
 Mangit gall'd or bruited by toil or
 stripes
 Mank a want
 Mant a stammer in speech
 March or merch a land-mark border
 of lands
 Marb the marrow
 Marrow mate fellow equal comrade
 Maik to math in brewing masking-
 loom math-vat
 Maun must. Mauna must not may not
 Meikle much big great large
 Mith limit mark sign
 Mends satisfaction revenge retalia-
 tion to make a mends to make a
 grateful return
 Menfe, discretion, good breeding.
 Mensfou mannerly
 Menzie company of men army as-
 sembly one's followers
 Messen a little dog lap-dog
 Midding a dunghill
 Midges gnats little flies
 Mim affectedly modest
 Mint aim endeavour
 Mirk dark
 Miscaw to give names

Mischance misfortune
 Misken to neglect or not take notice
 of one; also let alone
 Misshous malicious rough
 Mistlers necessities wants
 Mittans woolen gloves
 Mony many
 Mools the earth of the grave
 Mou mouth
 Moup to eat generally used of chil-
 dren or of old people who have but
 few teeth and make their lips move
 fast though they eat but slow
 Mow a pile or bing as of fuel hay
 sheaves of corn &c.
 Mows jests
 Muckle see meikle
 Murgullied mismanaged abused
 Mutch colf
 Mutchken an English pint

N

Nacky or knacky clever alive in
 small affairs
 Neefse nose
 Nettle to fret or vex
 Newfangle fond of a new thing
 Nével a sound blow with the nive or
 fist
 Nick to bite or cheat. Nicked cheat-
 ed: Also as a cant word to drink
 heartily; as he nicks fine
 Nèit next
 Niffer to exchange or barter
 Niffnaffan trifling
 Nignays trifles
 Nips bits
 Nither to straiten. Nithered hunger-
 ed or half starved in maintenance
 Nive the fist
 Nock notch or nick of an arrow or
 spindle
 Nork see knoit
 Nout cows kine
 Nowther neither
 Nuckle new-caly'd (cows)

O

Oe a grandchild
 O'er or owre too much as a o'er
 is vice
 O'ercome superplus
 Ony any
 Or sometimes used for ere or before.
 Or day i. e. before day-break
 Ora any thing over what's needful
 Orp to weep with a convulsive pant
 Oughtlens in the least
 Owk week
 Owrlay a cravat
 Owfen oxen
 Owthir either
 Oxtir the arm-pit

P

Paddock a frog
 Paddock-ride the spawn of frogs
 Paiks chastisement. To paik to beat
 or belabour one soundly
 Pang to squeeze press or pack one
 thing into another

Paughty proud haughty
 Pawky witty or fly in word or action
 without any harm or bad designs
 Peer a key or wharf
 Peets turf for fire
 Pegh to pant
 Pensy finical foppish conceited
 Perquire by heart

Pett a favourite a fondling. To pet-
 tle to dandle feed cherish flatter.
 Hence to take the pett is to be
 peevish or sullen as commonly petts
 are when in the least disoblighd.

Pibroughs such Highland tunes as are
 played on bagpipes before them
 when they go out to battle

Pig an earthen pitcher
 Pike to pick out or chuse
 Pimpin pimping mean scurvey
 Pine pain or pining

Pingle to contend strive or work hard
 Pirm the spool or quill within the
 shuttle which receives the yarn.
 Pirny (cloth) or a web of unequal
 threads or colours striped

Pith strength might force
 Plack two bodies or the third of a
 penny English

Pople or puple the bubbling purling
 or boiling up of water

Poortith poverty
 Pownie a little horse or galloway;
 also a turkey

Pouse to push
 Pouch a pocket

Pratick practice art stratagem pri-
 ving pratick trying ridiculous ex-
 periments

Prets tricks rogueries, we say He
 plaid me a prett *i. e.* cheated. The
 callon's fou o' pretts *i. e.* has abun-
 dance of waggish tricks

Prig to cheapen or importune for a
 lower price of goods one is buying
 Prin a pin

Prive prove or taste
 Propine gift or present
 Prym or prime to fill or stuff
 Putt a stane throw a big stone

Quey a young cow

R Ackless careless; one who does
 things without regarding whe-
 ther they be good or bad we
 call him rackless handed

Rae a roe
 Raffan merry roving hearty
 Raïrd a loud sound
 Rair roar

Rak or rook a mist or fog
 Rompage to speak and act furiously
 Rathes rushes
 Rave did rive or tear
 Raught reached
 Rax to stretch. Rax'd reached
 Ream cream: whence reaming; as,
 reaming liquor

Reed to rid unravel. To separate

folks that are fighting. It also sig-
 nifies clearing of any passage. I'm
 redd I'm apprehensive
 Rede council advice; as I wadna rede
 ye to do that

Reek reach; also smoak
 Reest to rust or dry in the smoak
 Rest bereft robbed forced or carried
 away

Reif, rapine, robbery
 Reik or rink, a course of race
 Rever, a robber or pirate
 Rewth, pity

Rice or rise, bulrushes, bramble bran-
 ches, or twigs of trees
 Rise or ryse, plenty

Rift, to belch
 Rigging, the back or rig back, the top
 or ridge of a house

Ripples, a weakness in the back and
 reins

Rock, a distaff
 Roose, or ruse, to commend, extol
 Roove, to rivet

Rotten, a rat
 Roundel, a witty and often satyric kind
 of rhyme

Rowan, rollen
 Rowt, to roar, especially the lowing
 of bulls and cows

Rowth, plenty
 Ruck, a rick or stak of hay or corns
 Rude, the red taint of the complexion

Rucfu, doleful
 Ridg, to pull, take away by force
 Rump, the rump

Rungs, small boughs of trees lopped
 off

Runkle, a wrinkle
 Runkle, to ruffle

Rype, to search

S Abiens, seeing it is. Since Skallefs,
 guiltless, free
 Sain'd, blessed

Sall, shall. Like foud for should
 Sandblind, pur-blind, short-sighted
 Sar, favour or sinell

Sark, a shirt
 Saugh, a willow or fallow tree
 Saw, an old saying or proverbial ex-
 pression

Scad, scald
 Scar, the bare places on the sides of
 hills, wathen down with rain

Scart, to scratch
 Scawp, a bare dry piece of stony ground
 Scon, bread the country people bake
 over the fire, thinner and broader
 than a bunnock

Scowp, to leap or move hastily from
 one place to another
 Scowth, room, freedom

Scrimp, narrow, straitened little
 Scroggs, shrubs, thorns, briars
 Scroggy, thorny

Scuds, ale. A late name given it by
 the benders

Scunner, to loath

Sell, self
 Seuch, furrow, ditch
 Sey, to try
 Seybow, a young onion
 Shan, pitiful, silly, poor
 Sharn, cow's dung
 Shaw, a wood or forest
 Shawl, shallow
 Shawps, empty husks
 Sheen, shining
 Shill, thrill, having a sharp sound
 Shire, clear, thin, we call thin cloth
 or clear liquor, thine: also a clever
 wag, a thine lick
 Shog, to wag, shake, or jog backwards-
 and forwards
 Shool, shovel
 Shoon, shoes
 Shore, to threaten
 Shuttle, a drawer
 Sib, a kin
 Sic, such
 Sicker, firm, secure
 Sike, a rill or rivulet commonly dry
 in summer
 Siller, silver
 Sindie or stile, seldom
 Sinsyne, since that time. *Lang sinsyne*
 long ago
 Skail, to scatter
 Skair, thare
 Skaith, hurt damage
 Skeigh, skittish
 Skelf, self
 Skelp, to run. Used when one runs
 barefoot. Also a small splinter of
 wood. Item to slog the hips
 Skiff, to move smoothly away
 Skink, a kind of strong broth made of
 cows hams or knuckles; also to fill
 drink in a cup
 Skirl, to thrick or cry with a shrill voice
 Sklate, slate. Skailie, is the fine-blue
 slate
 Skowrie, ragged nasty idle
 Skreed, a rent
 Skybalp, a taterdemalion
 Skyt, fly out hastily
 Slade or slaid, did slide moved or made
 a thing move easily
 Slap or slak, a gap or narrow pass be-
 tween two hills
 Slap, a branch in a wall
 Sleek, smooth
 Sleet a shower of half-melted snaw
 Slerg, to debawd or plaster
 Slid, smooth cunning slippery; as,
 He's a slid down
 Slidder, slippery
 Slippery, sleepy
 Slonk, a mire ditch or slough; to wade
 through a mire
 Slote, a bar or bolt for a door
 Slough, husk or coat
 Smak, a silly little pitiful fellow; the
 same with smatchet
 Smirky, smiling
 Smittle, infectious or catching
 Smoor, to smother

Snack, nimble ready clever
 Sned, to cut
 Sneer, to laugh in derision
 Sneg, to cut; as Sneg'd off at the web's
 end
 Snell, sharp smarting bitter firm
 Snib, snub check or reprove correct
 Snifter, to snuff or breath through the
 nose a little stop
 Snod, metaphorically used for neat
 handsome tight
 Snood, the band for tying up a wo-
 man's hair
 Snool, to discredit by chiding hard la-
 bour and the like; also a pitiful gro-
 veiling slave
 Snoove, to whirl round
 Snotter, snot
 Snuil, to ruffle wrinkle
 Sod, a thick turf
 Sonfy, happy fortunate lucky; some-
 times used for large and lusty
 Sore, sorrel reddish coloured
 Sorn, to sponge
 Soss, the noise that a thing makes
 when it falls to the ground
 Sough, the sound of wind amongst trees
 or of one sleeping
 Sowens, flumry or oat meal fow'd
 amongst water for some time then
 boiled to a consistency and eaten
 with milk or butter
 Sowf, to con Dover a tune on an in-
 strument
 Spae, to foretel or divine
 Spacemen, prophets augurs
 Spain, to wear from the breast
 Spait, a torrent flood or inundation
 Spang, a jump; to leap or jump
 Spaul, shoulder-arm
 Speel, to climb
 Speer, to ask inquire
 Spelder, to split stretch draw asun-
 der
 Spence, the place of the house where
 provisions are kept
 Spill, to spoil abuse
 Spoilie, spoil booty plunder
 Sprains, strips of different colours
 Spring, a tune on a musical instrument
 Spruth, spruce
 Sprutt'd, speckled spotted
 Spunk, tinder
 Stalwart, strong valiant
 Stang, did sting; also a sting or pole
 Stank, a pool of standing water
 Stark, strong robust
 Starns, the stars. Starn a small moi-
 ty, we say. Ne'er a starn
 Stay, sleep; as Set a stout heart to a
 stay brace
 Steek, to shut close
 Stegh, to crane
 Stend or sten, to move with a hasty
 long pace
 Stipend, a benefice
 Stirk, to steer or bullock
 Stait or stor, to rebound or reflect
 Stoon, rough hearie

Stou, to
 a large
 stound
 stour d
 horse
 stowth
 strapan
 strath a
 streek,
 striddle
 to one
 strinkle
 stroot or
 strunt a
 be pett
 studdy a
 sturdy g
 sture or
 sturt tro
 stym, bl
 suddle, t
 sumph, h
 sunkan f
 sunkots
 swak to
 swankies
 sparf to
 swath q
 swatch a
 swats fm
 swecht b
 sweer la
 sweeties
 swelt stu
 swith be
 swither t
 this or t
 syne afte

Tackel a
 Taid
 Tine tak
 Tap a he
 as spin
 called a
 Tape to u
 Tappit he
 Tarrow to
 a cross h
 Tartan cr
 colours
 plaid
 it's a litt
 ate a sm
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 az a whi
 ed scatter
 ee a litt
 at the g
 strike the
 ten or ty
 et to p
 some f
 nt atten
 back tha
 ae those
 armes f

Stou, to cut or crop. A stou a large
 a large cut or piece
 Stound a smarting pain or stich
 Stour dust agitated by winds men or
 horse feet. To stour to run quickly
 stowth stealth
 Strapan clever tall handsome
 Strath a plain on a river side
 Streek, to strecth
 Striddle to stride; applied commonly
 to one that's little
 Strinkle to sprinkle or straw
 Stroot or stut stuff'd full drunk
 Strunt a pett. to take the strunt to
 be petted or out of humour
 Studdy an anvil or smiths stithy
 Sturdy giddy-headed; *item*. strong
 Sture or stoor stiff strong hoarse
 Sturt trouble disturbance vexation
 Stym, blink or a little sight of a thing
 Suddle, to sully or defile
 Sumph, blockhead
 Sunkan splenetic
 Sunkots something
 Swak to throw cast with force
 Swankies clever young fellows
 Swarf to swoon away
 Swath squat fuddled
 Swatch a pattern
 Swats small ale
 Swecht burden weight force
 Sweer lazy slow
 Sweeties confessions
 Swelt suffocated choaked to death
 Swith begone quickly
 Swither to be doubtful whether to do
 this or that
 Syne afterwards then
 T
 Tackel an arrow
 Taid toad
 Tine taken
 Tap a heap. Such a quantity of lint
 as spinsters put upon the distaff is
 called a Lintap
 Tape to use any thing sparingly
 Tappit hen the Scots quart stoup
 Tarrow to refuse what we love from
 a cross humour
 Tartan cross stripped stuff of various
 colours checkered. The highland
 plaid
 Tass a little dram cup
 Tate a small lock of hair or any little
 quantity of wool cotton &c.
 Tawpy a foolish wench
 Taz a whip or scourge
 Ted scatter spread
 Tee a little earth on which gamesters
 at the gowf set balls before they
 strike them off
 Teen or tynd, anger rage sorrow
 Teet to peep out
 Tensome the number of ten
 Tent attention. Tenty cautious
 Tack thatch. Thacker thatcher
 Tace those
 Tarnes small tripes

Theek to thatch
 Thig to beg or borrow
 Thir these
 Thole to endure suffer
 Thow thaw
 Thowless, unactive silly lazy heavy
 Thrawart, froward cross crabbed
 Thrawin stern and cross grained
 Threep, to aver alledge urge and af-
 firm boldly
 Thrimal to press or squeeze through
 with difficulty
 Thud, a blast blow storm or the vio-
 lent sound of these Cry'd heh at ilka
 thud *i. e.* gave a groan at ever blow
 Tid tide or time; proper time; as He
 took the tide
 Tift good order health
 Tine to lose Tint lost
 Tip or tippony a le sold for 1d. the
 Scots pint
 Tirl or tir to uncover a house or un-
 dress a person; strip one naked.
 Sometimes a short action is named
 a Tirl; as *They took a tirl of dan-*
cing and drinking &c.
 Titty sifter
 Tocher portion dowry
 Tod a fox
 Tooly to fight. A fight or quarrel
 Toom empty applied to a barrel purse
 house &c. *Item* to empty
 Tosh, tight neat
 Tossie, warm pleasant half fuddled
 To the fore in being alive unconsum-
 ed
 Touse or tousle to rumple teeze
 Tout the sound of a horn or trumpet
 Tow a rope. A Tyburn necklace or
 St Johnstoun ribband
 Towmand a year or twelvemonth
 Trewes hose and breeches all of a piece
 Trig neat handsome
 Troke exchange
 True, to true trust believe; as *True*
ye say? or Love gars me true ye
 Truf steal
 Tryst appointment
 Turs, turfs trufs trus
 Twin to part with or separate from
 Twitch touch
 Twinters sheep of two years old
 Tydie, plump fat lucky
 Tynd vide Teen
 Tyft to entice stir up allure
 U

UGG to detest hate nauseate
 Ug some, hateful nauseous hor-
 rible
 Umwhile the late or deceased some
 time ago. Of old
 Undocht or wandocht, a silly weak
 person
 Uneith not easy
 Ungeard, naked not clad unharnessed
 Unko or unco, uncouth strange
 Unlusome unlovely

Wougy, elevated proud. That boasts
or brags of any thing

W

- WAd or wed, pledge wager pawn;
also would
Walf wandering by itself
Wak, moist wet
Wale to pick and chuse; The wale
i. e. the best
Wallop to move swiftly with much
agitation
Wally chosen beautiful large a bonny
wally i. e. a fine thing
Wame womb
Wendought want of dought impotent
Wangrace wickedness want of grace
War worse
Warlock wizard
Wat or wit to know
Waught a large draught
Waughts drinks largely
Wee little; as a wanton wee thing
Wean or wee ane a child
Ween thought imagined supposed
Weer to stop or oppose
Weir war
Weird fate or destiny
Weit rain
Wenth insipid wallowish wanting salt
Whawk whip beat flog
Whid to fly quickly a whid is a hasty
flight
Whilk which
Whilly to cheat, whillywha a cheat
Whindging whining speaking with a
doleful tone
Whins furze
Whisht hush. Hold your peace
Whisk to pull out hastily
Whomilt turned upside down
Wight stout clever active; *Item*, a
man or person
Wimpling a turning backward and
forward winding like the meanders
of a river

Win or won to reside dwell
Winna will not
Winnocks windows
Winsome gaining desirable agreeable
complete large; we say. My win-
som love
Wirrycow a bugbear
Wising inclining. To wise to lead
train
Wison the gullet
Wisent parched dried withered
Wistle to exchange (money)
Withersins cross motion or against
the sun
Woo or w, wool; as in the whim of
making five words of four letters,
thus z a e-w (i. e.) Is it all one
wool?
Wood mad
Woody the gallows
Wordy worthy
Wow! strange! wonderful!
Wreaths (of snow,) when heads of it
are blown together by the wind
Wyt to blame. Blame

Y

YAmph to bark or make a noise like
little dogs
Yap hungry having a longing desire
for any thing ready
Yealtou yea wilt thou
Yed to contend or wrangle
Yeld barren as a cow that gives no
milk
Yerc to do any thing with celerity
Yesk the hiccup
Yett gate
Yestreen yesternight
Youdith youthfulness
Yowden wearied
Yowf a swinging blow
Yuke the itch
Yule Christmas

F I N I S



cable
win-

lead

1
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also would

Waff wandering by itself

Wak, moist wet

Wale to pick and chuse; The wale
i. e. the best

Wallop to move swiftly with much
agitation

Wally chosen beautiful large a bonny
wally i. e. a fine thing

Wame womb

Wendought want of dought impotent

Wangrace wickedness want of grace

War worse

Warlock wizard

Wat or wit to know

Waught a large draught

Waughts drinks largely

Wee little; as a *wanton wee thing*

Wean or wee ane a child

Ween thought imagined supposed

Weer to stop or oppose

Weir war

Weird fate or destiny

Weit rain

Werth insipid wallowish wanting salt

Whawk whip beat flog

Whid to fly quickly a whid is a hasty
flight

Whilk which

Whilly to cheat, whil'ywha a cheat

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doleful tone

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F I N I S



came
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